Next Month

WHAT JAPAN REALLY WANTS

William Franklin Sands

Mr. Sands was for many years in the diplomatic service in the Far East. In this article he will give his frank opinion of the motives of Japan in invading China and what Japan will demand in the future.

SAFETY IN AIR TRANSPORT

Casey Jones

The famous stunt flyer replies to the article in our February issue on the need for parachutes in air transport. Controversy over that article has raged so hotly that readers will await eagerly what Casey Jones has to say.

IF HITLER WINS . . .

Leon Trotsky

Trotsky tells why, if Hitler comes into power in Germany, war between Germany and Russia is inevitable. His prediction will alarm a world already concerned over complications on the Chinese front.

WHAT PROHIBITION HAS DONE TO US

John Grier Hibben

There have been many attacks on the Eighteenth Amendment, but none more effective than John Grier Hibben's. As President of Princeton, he has had an unusual opportunity of observing the effect of prohibition upon the rising generation, and he states unqualifiedly that the effect has been one of degradation.

WHITE COLLAR SLAVERY

Anonymous

A personal account of the experiences of a white collar clerk in trying to earn a living without sacrificing his self-respect. His protest against the oppression and unfairness, the prying, spying, and nagging of modern "efficiency" methods in large business offices will awaken a sympathetic response in all who have undergone similar experiences.

POLITICS FOR COLLEGE MEN

Wilbur Cross

The Governor of Connecticut maintains that a college education is no obstacle to success in politics. His own career proves that: he was formerly a professor at Yale. In this article he points out the attractions of politics as a profession for college graduates.

FORUM and Century

HENRY GODDARD LEACH, *Editor*

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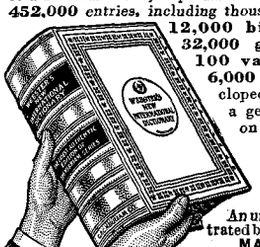

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TOASTS

EDWARD A. BLOCK was born in Belgium, but brought up and educated in England, where he studied engineering at Cambridge University. "On leaving," he says, "I followed Horace Greeley's advice and went West, as far West as I could — San Francisco. Since 1923 I have, for my sins, been plying the nefarious trade of a stockbroker. I have also sold occasional critical articles to the *Poetry Review* of London. I like French poetry, Russian music, and the English countryside. I particularly admire Lenin, Hilaire Belloc, the Four Marx Brothers, and also the fifth — Karl Marx."

JOHN HYDE PRESTON is the author of *A Gentleman Rebel*, a biography of Mad Anthony Wayne which was published in 1930. He is now completing a one volume history of our War for Independence, *A Saga of the American Revolution*, which will be brought out by Harcourt, Brace next fall. Mr. Preston was born in New York City in 1906, but was brought up in Seattle. "My education," he writes, "was erratic and I left school for good — or, rather, got kicked out — when I was sixteen. I have been writing ever since I can remember, and have kept at it because it is the pleasantest way I know to avoid being a bond-salesman and because I like the feeling of being footloose." Mr. Preston lives in New Canaan, Connecticut.

DALTON TRUMBO is a staff writer for the *Hollywood Spectator*, which is edited by Welford Beaton and Robert E. Sherwood. He was born in 1905, in the rear of a reading room in Montrose, Colorado, where his grandfather was a sheriff in days which demanded hard riding and straight shooting. He attended both the University of Colorado and the University of California, and has since been a bakery clerk, a railroad section hand, a car washer, a waiter, a newspaper reporter, and a movie critic. His first article, published a year ago, was a tirade against George Jean Nathan which aroused that gentleman's favorable comment.

JOHN T. HACKETT is editor of *The Outlook's* "Trend of the Week" department. He is a graduate of Brown University, and was formerly an editorial writer for the *Hartford Courant* and before that, for the *Springfield Union*. Mr. Hackett lives in New York City.

ERNEST JEROME HOPKINS is a former California newspaper man who did the field study of police lawlessness, for the late Wickersham Commission, in sixteen major cities from New York to San Francisco. His recent book on the subject, *Our Lawless Police*, has attracted wide comment. As a reporter, Mr. Hopkins covered the Mooney-Billings case for Fremont Older's newspaper, the *San Francisco Bulletin*. He has also solved a murder case or two, fought the power trust, done an agricultural feature column, and made a national study of oil conservation. "In some past incarnation," says Mr. Hopkins, "I was a sociologist, and still have trouble that way." Mr. Hopkins now lives in New York — or, rather, Staten Island.

JOHN T. FLYNN, a frequent contributor to THE FORUM, is widely known as a writer on business and economics. His two most recent books are *Graft in Business* and *Investment Trusts Gone Wrong*.

HENRIETTA OTIS SHAW is the wife of an engineer, Colonel Arthur Shaw, with whom she has spent a migratory life in such diverse spots as Mexico, South America, New Orleans, and, most recently, China. The business of raising four children has hitherto kept her from doing much writing, but now that her youngest child is in college the prospects look better. She is at present living in Hangchow, where her husband is building railroads, with five servants to look after the household and with leisure for her work.

WILLIAM C. WHITE is the author of *These Russians*, portions of which appeared in THE FORUM. He has recently returned from a trip abroad spent in studying conditions in England, Germany, Poland, and other countries. Mr. White graduated from Princeton in 1922, taught for a time at the University of Pennsylvania, and later spent three years in Russia.

THE ANONYMOUS CRITIC who explains his dilemmas in this issue is a graduate of a well known Eastern university, and has taught in several Eastern colleges. His reviews and critical articles appear frequently in a variety of magazines, and he is generally regarded as one of the more promising younger critics.

DR. LOGAN CLENDENING is the author of *The Human Body* and, more recently, of *The Care and Feeding of Adults*. He lives in Kansas City where, he says, he comforts himself in this period of disquiet with the society of a mortgage loan agent, a china merchant, a professor or two of medicine, some newspaper men, a Unitarian clergyman, a red-haired woman, a celibate Pekinese of great age and wisdom, the Culbertson system, a lady who can really cook cucumber soup, and the medical students of the University of Kansas.

MARY ROBERTS RINEHART is, actually, one of those people who "need no introduction." This is especially true since she published recently, in *My Story*, an account of her career as a successful novelist and an equally successful wife and mother. Her latest book, a detective story called *Miss Pinkerton*, appeared last month and is said to be a worthy successor to *The Door*.

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THE LITERARY MIND, by Max Eastman; Scribners, $2.50.

THE GREAT intellectual event of our time, says Max Eastman, is the advance of science into fields heretofore occupied by literary eloquence. He develops this thesis in orderly progression through a series of essays defining the scientific attitude of mind, exposing the antics of the poets and critics in opposing its inroads in order to retain their prerogatives and their prestige, and analyzing neo-classicism, New Humanism, and the cults of modernism and unintelligibility in poetry so as to show them up as manifestations of this defensive attitude. He then goes on to discuss the future of poetic literature, drama, fiction, and criticism, once the claims of science have been established and the old "literary" loose talk and thought discredited. He makes out a convincing case, though many no doubt will think it extreme. Perhaps his case seems the more convincing because the ordinary reader finds it such an easy pleasure to agree with him; it is more flattering to one's own intelligence to assume that obscurity in a poet or critic is a sign of meaninglessness rather than of inability on the part of the reader to comprehend. Whether one agrees with his main theme or not, however, the thrusts which he makes at the New Humanists and the lower case, ticker tape poets are a delight in themselves.

THE HARBOURMASTER, by William McFee; Doubleday, Doran, $2.50.

NARRATED as it is by Mr. Spenlove, the same articulate and philosophically-minded ship's engineer who appeared in *Captain Macedoine's Daughter*, this tale of Captain Fraley and his Francine is frankly and richly romantic. Francine is one of those women who appear to haunt such writers as McFee, and Conrad before him. She is glamorous, primitive, enigmatic — and goddess-like weaves a spell over men's lives. Captain Fraley, essentially a bluff man of action, meets her first in Saloniki during war-time, where she has come to join her sister, a café-singer. He rescues her from a sinking submarine, and later from the consequences of the murder which she commits. Their life together — in Saloniki, in Alexandria, in New York, in Central America — is stormy, quarrelsome, passionate, and wildly dramatic. They are perpetually trailed, moreover, by Mr. Spenlove himself and by the Greek gambler, Mr. Padapopoulos, who are also, in their various ways, Francine's slaves. It is a strange, exotic story, made fairly credible by Mr. Spenlove's method of telling it, and seasoned by his dry commentaries on life, fate, and women. Mr. McFee's novel is not to be taken too seriously, but as escape literature, persuasively and expertly written, it has conspicuous merits.

WELLINGTON, by Philip Guedalla; Harper, $5.00.

MR. GUEDALLA'S biography of Wellington binds an enormous mass of varied material into a thoroughly comprehensible whole which manages to move along fluidly and clearly, with some of the logical development of a novel, yet never overstepping the bounds of strict history. The book shows Wellington not just as the Iron Duke, accidental conqueror of Napoleon, but as a man whose whole training had equipped him for the part which he was to play; as a soldier who was a match, point for point (except for the factor of brilliant personality) for the little Emperor whose scourge he became. Letters from the Duke to military friends are introduced to show his constant concern for the physical welfare of his men and his regard for the customs and feelings of the natives of whatever land he occupied. They bear witness to the fact that he was a soldier who realized that the most important aspect of military affairs was not tactics, but the every-day routine, health, and morale of his forces. Mr. Guedalla depicts also the Wellington we so often forget — the statesman of later years who was not only a great leader, but a great courtier and a great Englishman.

THE WEATHER TREE, by Maristan Chapman; Viking, $2.50.

THIS IS the third of Maristan Chapman's novels about the Tennessee mountaineers, and perhaps the best of the three. The plot is old and extremely simple. An "outlander," Lynn Clayton, comes to the remote community of Glen Hazard with plans for industrialization and a complete incomprehension of the natives' psychology and of the ways which they hold dear. He and Thelma Lane, a mountain girl, fall in love with one another, but she finally renounces him in favor of her own people, as typified by her brother. The passing turmoil which Clayton creates subsides with his passing. Far more important than the plot, or the emotional problems of the characters, is the atmosphere which the book creates. One cannot but feel that Maristan Chapman poeticizes the language of her unworldly natives, makes them more quaint and irresistible than they actually are. Nevertheless, the tongue which they speak is so rich, so strange, and so various, and their particular form of humor is so dry and enchanting that one can forgive exaggerations for the sake of the novel's artistry. *The Weather Tree* is a thoroughly delightful book — one well worth reading.

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Books in Brief

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FEW PEOPLE are given the opportunity to live as full and satisfying a life as Ford Madox Ford recalls in *Return to Yesterday*. It has been his good fortune to live among and to know those greats and near-greats of English literature who, during the period between the nineties and the World War, produced the work which has since made them famous — Joseph Conrad, Henry James, Arnold Bennett, Stephen Crane, Maurice Hewlett, Hilaire Belloc, and W. H. Hudson, to mention a few. With rare sympathy and understanding, he has recorded his impressions of them all — impressions behind which lurks a spirit of adventure that never fails to discover the humor, the irony, or the pathos of any situation. Ford's walk along the Rye Road to Winchelsea in the company of John Galsworthy and Henry James, on the occasion when James' dachshund Maximilian tangled all three together with his leash, during one of his master's discourses, is an episode which reveals with amusing effectiveness James' pettish nature and the profound respect accorded him by his confreres. The chance meeting between Ford — who at the time was searching the countryside about the Romney Marsh for a special brand of homemade mushroom catsup — and Meary Walker, a huge, toothless beldame of Bonnington, resulted in a friendship which has given this book one of its most delightful characters — the sort one seldom encounters outside the covers of George Borrow's *Lavengro* and *Romany Rye*. Then there are R. B. Byles, the publisher, Dr. Garnett, of the British Museum, Sam McClure, Lord Northcliffe, Ramsay MacDonald, Zola, and a host of others — statesmen, artists, farmers, scholars, musicians, revolutionists, waiters, students — all caught up in a flood of reminiscence which flows through *Return to Yesterday* with undiminishing brilliance from the first page to the last.

MR. AND MRS. PENNINGTON, by Francis Brett Young; Harper, $2.50.

ALTHOUGH ONE should not press the comparison too closely, Francis Brett Young belongs in the Galsworthy tradition. He is a born story teller. He knows the psychology, the mores, the physical environment of the English middle classes. His novels never attain any great emotional heights, but they are always solid, leisurely, richly documented — and interesting. Having abandoned the more exotic plots and settings of his earlier books, he has struck a new stride, and struck it well. His present novel has for its heroine young Susan Lorimer, a vain, unstable, rather charming girl with an

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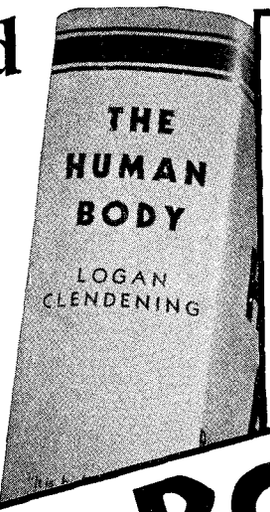

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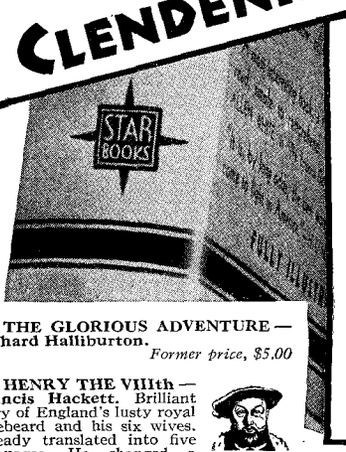

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Books in Brief

instinct for self-dramatization and some rather half-baked ideas about romance. At a cheap seaside resort, she meets Dick Pennington — a solid young man of her own class — falls in love with him, and marries him. After a period of what is known as "cosy domesticity" in a jerry-built suburban bungalow, Dick is sent away for a few months by his employer, a diabolical old villain of the Dickens breed, who was formerly a suitor for Susan's hand. Loneliness and straitened circumstances are too much for Susan. She has an affair with a sleek, wealthy young Jew — also built on the frankly villainous pattern — which culminates in tragedy and melodrama. Adversity, however, brings out her true qualities. With grit and determination, she helps to rescue Dick from the plight into which her folly has cast him — and the happy ending is just around the corner. The early part of Mr. Brett Young's novel, descriptive of Susan's love affair and the early months of her marriage, is extremely well done, but later the book becomes rather artificial and unconvincing. It makes good reading, but it falls far short of *The Redlakes*.

WOODROW WILSON, Life and Letters, Vols. III and IV, by Ray Stannard Baker; Doubleday, Doran, $10.00.

THESE BOOKS cover Wilson's activities during one of the most interesting periods of his career — his governorship of New Jersey and the first part of his initial term as president. Mr. Baker is sure of his ground, exact in his details, and armed with an imposing weight of quotation from Wilson's letters, Wilsonian anecdote, and copious press clippings. In addition, he handles all this material dramatically, competently, and with appealing warmth. Like their two predecessors, these two volumes are of unquestioned historical importance.

SUMMERS NIGHT, by Sylvia Thompson; Little, Brown, $2.50.

THIS IS still another clever, effortless English novel which passes the time pleasantly enough and does not insult the intelligence. Ostensibly it deals with the battle between the new and the old. Charles Bitterne, a civilized, reticent intellectual, marries Jasmin Lengel, the daughter of the crude Jewish millionaire who has bought his ancestral home. Jasmin is emotional, impulsive, not over-discriminating. With outlooks and codes so divergent, they inevitably clash and — English novels of this type being what they are — as inevitably reconcile their differences. This is a very readable novel, but it is a trivial one. Miss Thompson has never quite recaptured the charm of her first book, *The Hounds of Spring*.

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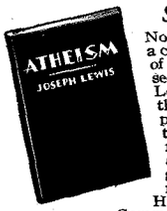

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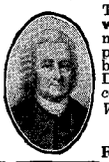

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Books in Brief

THE GETTING OF WISDOM, by Henry Handel Richardson; Norton, $2.50.

READERS of *Maurice Guest* and of that admirable trilogy, *The Fortunes of Richard Mahony*, will doubtless be somewhat surprised by this book, now reprinted some twenty years after its first appearance. It is the story of a child, Laura Rambotham, who at the age of twelve is sent away from her remote country home to a girls' boarding school in Melbourne, Australia. Laura is a vain, sensitive, impressionable, rather intelligent little girl who suffers acutely from her poverty, her ugly clothes, and her inability to adjust herself to new conditions. In her desire to please and impress, she involves herself in countless difficulties, mostly centering about a fantastic and amusing lie which she concocts concerning her relations with a curate. Henry Handel Richardson gives an excellent picture of the bleak life of the boarding school, and of the gradual maturing of an original and interesting child. This novel cannot, however, be compared with her other books, despite the fact that her publishers claim it to be her own favorite among them.

THIS MAN IS MY BROTHER, by Myron Brinig; Farrar & Rinehart, $2.50.

AGAIN Myron Brinig, one of the more interesting and vigorous of our younger writers has written a tale centering in the mining town of Silver Bow, Montana. His present novel is a sequel to *Singermann*, that lusty, colorful chronicle of a family of Roumanian Jews which appeared a few seasons ago. *This Man Is My Brother* picks up the story twenty years later. The men's clothing shop founded by old Moses has now been converted into the largest department store in Montana. The Singermanns have acquired wealth, taste, cultivated interests. They have lost their religious faith, have drifted from their secure Jewish roots, are the victims of self-conscious introspection and of race prejudice. The new generation, grandchildren of old Moses, are particularly baffled by their ambiguous position in the modern world, and the whole story concerns their struggle, and the struggle of the generation preceding them, to adjust themselves. Mr. Brinig's new novel is not as robust nor as glamorous as *Singermann*, partly because Silver Bow itself is no longer the picturesque, rowdy frontier town of the early nineteen hundreds, but it is a worthy sequel and a more than usually interesting book. Wiser than the writers of the Ludwig Lewisohn school, Mr. Brinig forswears propaganda and special pleading. He does not permit his story or his characters to be overshadowed by his underlying theme.

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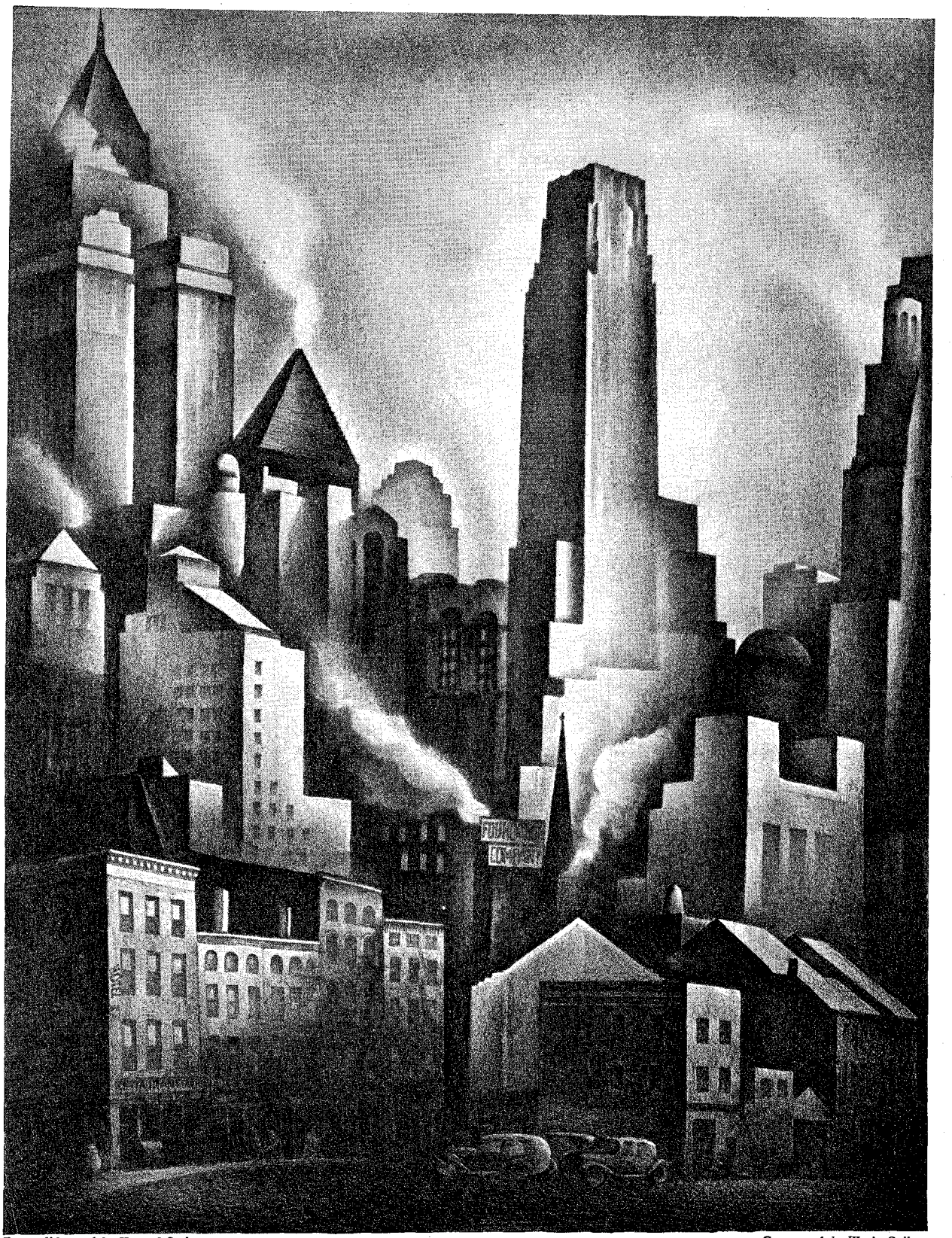

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F O R U M

MARCH, 1932 VOL. 87, NO. 3

Hitting Rock Bottom

A Foreword by the Editor

ANY MAN'S guess in the morning of one of these startling days may become a piece of folly before nightfall. Yet one may predict, with some assurance, that the economic history of America during the first half of 1932 will be a record of quiet governmental inflation and rigid private deflation. Inflation is the word used by our European critics to describe the efforts of our Federal government to retard and cushion the descending spiral of deflation. Inflation has been our term, also, for making dollars less dear. Perhaps anti-deflation would be a more accurate description, for we are striving only to stop the leak in the economic inner-tube before it goes quite flat.

The President has spoken the watch-word: "We cannot squander ourselves into prosperity." Prosperity is not to be brought back by spending, but by organized economies until the economic Phoenix can spring again from the ashes of its own destruction. Private individuals have made an earnest beginning. Small businesses are following suit. Large corporations are reorganizing even more ruthlessly in an effort to extract a small profit before the end of the year, even on the present deflated commodity basis. In government some states and the New England municipalities are doing well. The City of New York is borrowing money on its promise of vigorous retrenchment instead of taxation based on fantastic real estate levies. Other towns and counties, large and small, will follow this lead. The federal government will, of course, be the last. Meanwhile federal bonds will continue to sink until there is some sign of a balanced budget.

The President's message to Congress on January fourth may well mark the turning point in the Great Depression. That message was a frontal attack on realities. The Editor of THE FORUM was fortunate enough to be at the White House that morning, and went away cheered by the new atmosphere of resolution and directness, which he found reflected in Congress — a Congress transformed since the New Year from a deliberative to a legislative body. The following day he listened to the reassuring testimony of the Governor of the Federal Reserve Board, who explained how the two billion dollar Reconstruction Finance Corporation to stabilize the banks, the railroads, and agriculture was modeled on the War Finance Corporation which, in the depression of 1921, succeeded in lifting the pall of fear and helped to restore the confidence of the nation. It was largely the memory of that similar measure ten years ago that arrested the panicky liquidation of securities by our financial institutions this January.

Let us hope that the anti-deflationary measures enacted so promptly by Congress will steady the private, corporate, and municipal deflation that must proceed relentlessly until we have our feet squarely planted on rock. For this end another nation might give its chief executive dictatorial powers. The United States must rely on the enlightened will of the people and the new, non-partisan temper of its Congress to complete our national deflation and inaugurate a saner era of well-being.

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We Can't Escape the Dole

Why Not Face It Squarely?

by **EDWARD A. BLOCK**

I

IT IS ONE of the major tragedies of American life that the depressions of 1914–15 and 1920–21 were neither serious enough nor sufficiently prolonged. We emerged from each of those unpleasant experiences a nation of professional and blundering optimists, refusing in spite of all warning to fight the menace of unemployment on any broad, constructive, and above all, permanent front. And that unemployment is a permanent problem, that it is an integral and vicious part of the modern industrial machine, one would have thought to be as self-evident as any Euclidean axiom. Collectively as a nation, and as stupidly as any ostrich, we have buried our head in the sands of complacent optimism. It has taken the present collapse to make us realize that unemployment is the place where our economic system has fallen down most seriously.

We have muddled along with our private relief agencies and Community Chests, with our campaign "drives" and campaign "goals," trying to stem those periodic tidal waves of unemployment with the pitiful broomsticks of a hysterical and haphazard charity.

Science has never been able to agree on the particular moment in the world's history when *homo sapiens* first appeared upon the scene. However, for a good many thousand years it has been apparent that death is inevitable and that accident and sickness are an accompanying and equally inescapable heritage of life. The ancients naïvely hoped to settle the question once and for all by finding the *elixir vitae*, that rare and mythical substance which was supposed to prolong life indefinitely. It remained for modern man to devise the principle of insurance which, while it does not abolish sickness and death — those ancient enemies of life — at least mitigates to some extent their financial consequences. It is one of the amazing paradoxes of American life that in a country where the principle of life, accident, and health insurance is so firmly rooted, insurance against the third great hazard of modern life — unemployment — lags so far behind.

And yet it is precisely in this respect that an older and, one must suppose, more practical continent has progressed so far ahead of us. In Europe they have been fighting the Battle of Unemployment for years. It is true that no adequate plan of prevention has been discovered, but at least some just, practical, and permanent method of relief is at present functioning in closely related forms in Germany, Switzerland, France, Austria, Belgium, Holland, and England. In all these countries unemployment insurance has been and is working with varying degrees of success. Little interest has been aroused here by the Continental methods of unemployment insurance. It is, however, impossible to avoid being struck by the average American's misunderstanding of the English form of insurance.

As a nation we are notoriously prone to the indiscriminate use of slogans and labels. It is, no doubt, one of the results of the standardization both mental and material which is part and parcel of the American scene. Unemployment insurance in England has come to be known as the "Dole," is familiarly referred to as the Dole, and Dole it remains — a term of pity and derision, looked on as a sort of cancerous sore by a vast majority of Americans who have not the least idea what it really is, what it has accomplished, or even how it came into existence.

II

UNEMPLOYMENT insurance and the necessary enabling legislation have always been in the nature of a last resort or effort to face an

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acute situation. There can be no argument with the cold statement that a nation is duty bound, if only for purposes of self-preservation, to feed its hungry and shelter its homeless. On the face of things, it is obvious that any widespread and permanent condition of destitution and starvation will endanger and eventually come into open conflict with the existing social system, whatever it may be — autocracy, slavery, feudalism, democracy, or capitalism.

In England, even some years before the war, the seasonal and temporary fluctuations of unemployment were of sufficient importance to stimulate considerable thought and attention. They were sufficiently drastic to force themselves into existence as a national problem rather than one that could be handled on a diffused and individual community basis. As far back as 1909, the Royal Commission on the Poor Law recommended not only the establishment of a national system of labor exchanges and the collection of accurate information on unemployment, but also the establishment of a compulsory unemployment insurance system based on contributions from employer, worker, and the national exchequer.

There was really no mystery about it all. Just an intelligent acceptance of probability and fact. An acceptance of the fact that, like death and sickness, unemployment would be always present. And that, like death and sickness, unemployment was a hazard which the principle of insurance, and of insurance alone, was eminently suited to alleviate.

It was in 1912 that the Unemployment Insurance Act came into effect. Primarily conceived as a self-supporting insurance proposition, it was a scheme of compulsory insurance against unemployment, the benefits of which workers in only three industries were at first eligible to receive. The choice of these three trades — engineering, building, and shipbuilding — hinged on the fact that their labor turnover was highly seasonal. In all, some 2,500,000 workers were affected.

The whole scheme was based on the theory that between contributions and benefits it would be self-contained and self-sustaining. Thus employers gave 5 cents per man per week; the worker 5 cents per week; and the state, or national exchequer, 3½ cents per man per week. The weekly benefit of $1.70 came into effect January 1, 1913, and was payable to genuinely unemployed who had contributed for twenty-six weeks prior to their unemployment.

Both before and during the war, the scheme proved itself thoroughly workable. In the period January, 1913, to August, 1914, unemployment conditions in the trades covered were satisfactory and the same conditions prevailed during the war. So much so, in fact, that although the plan was extended in 1916 to include war workers, an undistributed balance of nearly $73,000,000 was accumulated between July, 1912, and November, 1918.

At the end of 1919, the benefits paid by the insurance fund were increased from $1.70 per week to $2.68. A year later, in November, 1920, to be exact, unemployment insurance was extended to practically all classes of workers, the principal exceptions being private domestic servants and those engaged in agricultural pursuits. The basic theory of the 1920 Act was the same as that of 1911, the only difference being that the ante was increased to 8.1 cents per week for workers and employers, while the national exchequer contributed 4.1 cents to the kitty. All told, about 11,250,000 workers were protected against the hazards of unemployment. But if the contributions were increased, so also were the benefits to be received, which now amounted to $3.65 per week for men and $2.92 per week for women. At the same time various strings were attached to the insurance: the benefit was limited to one week for every six contributions paid; the benefit itself was payable only after twenty-six contributions had been paid; and lastly, no one could receive more than fifteen weeks benefit in any insurance year.

So far, so good. At the time the Act was passed, the number of insured and unemployed workers was only 500,000; a substantial surplus had been built up and the whole scheme of unemployment insurance appeared to be financially airtight. Just as the solvency of any life insurance company is dependent upon a comparatively normal rate of mortality, so the ability of any scheme of unemployment insurance to be self-supporting is dependent upon a comparatively normal ratio between employed and unemployed. That is unless and until adequate reserves have been built up. The trade depression of 1921 completely wrecked the existing equilibrium. At the time the Act

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was passed there were 500,000 unemployed. By June of the following year, this figure had swelled to 2,000,000 with another full 1,000,000 working part time and claiming benefits. It was at this point that what critics call the "Debauch of the Dole" may fairly be said to have had its genesis.

In its entirety the situation became, after 1921, somewhat complicated. If you assume, and no doubt rightly, that unemployment insurance should be solvent and self-supporting, the course of events subsequent to 1921 took on the aspect of a vicious circle. To begin with, the number of unemployed not only increased from 500,000 to 2,000,000, but after that date remained continuously over 1,000,000. The latest available figures show in the neighborhood of 2,500,000 on the unemployed register. Again, it was from 1920 on that the full force of the depression began to feed on itself, for it then became obvious that many of the unemployed had not had time to build up reserves in the way of contributions against which they could draw. An entirely new principle was accordingly introduced by Act of Parliament in March, 1921, making it possible for a man or woman to receive the benefit not only for an indefinite period of time but also regardless of whether or not there were any contributions to their credit. It marks, of course, a definite departure from the strict theory of unemployment insurance and was looked upon merely as a temporary expedient. It was the first of a series of attempts to adapt the scheme to carry a load beyond its capacity. In this form it was generally referred to as "transitional" benefit.

It is worth noting, however, that by the Act of 1921 transitional benefit was paid only at the discretion of the Minister of Labor, and then only because in view of all the circumstances of the case "it was expedient in the public interest that it should be paid." It remained for a Labor Government in 1924 to pass an Act establishing the "right" to transitional benefit. In other words, anybody who was out of work was entitled by statutory right to draw down weekly payments from the insurance fund whether or not he had contributed to it and so earned proportionate benefit. Coincident with the right to transitional benefit came an increase in the weekly benefit from $3.65 to $4.38.

Considerable tinkering has since taken place, the last Act, that of 1927, providing that for a claimant to be entitled to unemployment benefits he must have paid eight or more contributions during the two years immediately preceding his claim and, failing that, thirty contributions "at any time." Relaxation of these conditions was permitted during a transitional period, but while that period was originally supposed to end April 19, 1928, it has subsequently been extended by various enactments and at the present time still remains in force.

Transitional benefit added to chronic unemployment was really the straw that broke the camel's back. As recently as 1924, the income of the insurance fund was able to support a Live Register of approximately 1,400,000. However, with the increase in the rate of benefit and the adoption of transitional benefit, the balancing point of the fund was reduced from 1,400,000 to 1,200,000. Unemployment exceeded that figure in September, 1924, and thereafter remained almost continuously above it, with the result that the fund ceased to become self-supporting.

When the Act of 1920 came into effect, the insurance fund had a credit balance of $110,000,000. Subsequently not only was this balance exhausted, but the Minister of Labor was obliged to borrow very extensively from the Treasury in order to make good the growing deficits. At the present time the debt of the fund is in the neighborhood of $500,000,000 and is increasing by nearly $5,000,000 every week.

From a budget standpoint, the situation can be expressed simply enough. Present expenditure, including standard benefits and cost of administration, amounts to $409,000,000 annually. Income from contributions is $217,000,000, leaving an annual deficit of $192,000,000. To this deficit which has to be met directly by the Government and indirectly, of course, by taxation, must be added $170,000,000, this representing transitional benefit, the full cost of which is borne by the Government. In all, therefore, the annual cost of unemployment insurance to the British taxpayer is roughly $360,000,000.

That, in brief, is the so called "tragedy" of the Dole: that the British taxpayer has had to pay a price, and a pretty stiff one too, to keep

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2,500,000 unemployed from starvation and save England perhaps from revolution. In short, that is the price he has had to pay to preserve the existing social structure. But is that the tragedy? Surely not. Surely the real tragedy lies in the fact that 2,500,000 men are out of work, and that the industrial fabric of British life is unable to provide work for them. What sacrifice is there, short of complete destruction, that should not be considered cheap at any price if it enables a given form of society to pay for the sins of its own shortcomings?

After all, who is to blame for unemployment? Certainly not the laboring man. Certainly not the rank and file of the unemployed. Somewhere at the back of one's head lingers the shrewd suspicion that in the present instance it was the result of war and of overproduction. In all conscience one cannot blame the laboring man for these blunders. Certainly he had nothing to do with war or overproduction. Certainly he was not responsible for either; had, least of all, nothing to gain from either.

The British Dole has been called many harsh names, but after all what is it but the price that an industrial civilization is paying for its mistakes? It is, of course, unfortunate that unemployment insurance in England is no longer self-supporting. What a pleasant state of affairs that would be! But it is not self-supporting. The books do not balance. A thumping big deficit is growing by leaps and bounds. And all because 2,500,000 men are out of work and Industry cannot find work for them to do.

As long as there is no large permanent body of unemployed, unemployment insurance can be studied with all the niceties of an actuarial problem. Society, however, seems conveniently to overlook the fact that from the minute you have a large roster of unemployed, all your fine statistics are not worth the paper they are printed on. The price British society is paying is not a gratuity and is not a Dole — for both these terms imply something free and altruistic. Actually choice does not enter into the question. The price British society is paying is, rather, in the nature of a self-imposed tax. A tax that is obligatory for and aimed directly at its own preservation. Without the Dole, England by this time might well have been in the throes of revolution; and Germany would in all probability have been dyed the flaming red of Bolshevism.

III

As for unemployment relief here in America, we have no nationally organized and workmanlike system. Only a hodgepodge of Community Chests and private relief agencies, the whole helped out by a pinch-hit method of municipal and state taxation. We have, in fact, not one plan but a crazy quilt of plans. In their entirety they are chaotic, ineffective, and a monument to a muddled national mind.

The very issue itself, relief for the unemployed, has never been set apart but has remained lumped with relief for the aged, the sick, the fatherless, and the widowed. From the very outset, therefore, we have looked upon unemployment not as a problem of industry, but as an act of God. From the very outset we have been handicapped in trying to apply a remedy, when the condition to be remedied is so closely interwoven with such widely diversified forms of distress.

Since the war the Community Chest idea has received considerable impetus, and at the present time some 382 of these agencies are operating in as many different cities. The Community Chest, of course, does no welfare work itself but merely acts as a supervisory collecting and budgeting agency for individual welfare organizations. It is through these various dependent welfare agencies of the 382 Community Chests that unemployment relief is administered. Wholly apart from these, there are 132 cities without Community Chests handling emergency relief work through friendly welfare organizations, public departments, and special citizens' committees.

Right here, indeed, one finds oneself on the fringe of the intricacies and overlapping methods of unemployment relief that obtain in the United States. Our two largest cities, New York and Chicago, have no Community Chest, while in Boston and Philadelphia relief is taken in hand and administered by a medley of special committees, private agencies, councils, and federations. The case of New York City gives some idea of the lack of unity, of the duplication and tangle of effort that exists. In New York City, let it be understood, there are nearly 1500 voluntary welfare groups. No

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wonder social workers throw up their hands when confronted with the additional problem of coördinating these scattered instruments of relief into a machine capable of grappling effectively with the emergency of a devastating condition of unemployment!

The workings of the Community Chest cities are, by comparison, simplicity itself. Based presumably on the load the traffic will bear, a campaign "goal" is established. Shortly thereafter, a city-wide advertising campaign gets under way and, in due course, with the aid of intensive house-to-house canvassing and much publicity ballyhoo, the money is collected.

The Community Chests are now ready for the equally serious business of distribution, not, let it be repeated, directly to those in distress but to the various allied welfare associations. These welfare organizations, in the case of unemployment, distribute not money, but food and grocery orders, coal and clothing, and, where possible, some kind of temporary emergency work.

The average individual contributing to these Chest funds is too often under the impression that once the campaign "goal" is attained the whole grievous problem of caring for the unemployed is thereby automatically taken care of. And that is the joker, the crowning comedy in all the welter of misconceived and misdirected effort. Funds raised both by Chest and non-Chest cities represent only a small fraction of the total amount needed for relief. A study made by the Department of Labor covering 100 typical cities shows that in 1930 72% of the entire burden of relief — not all unemployment relief, it is true — was met by public funds. In other words, by taxation. The balance, a little over 25%, was all that was contributed by private philanthropy or voluntary donations of the Community Chest type.

Of course, conditions vary greatly in different cities. For instance, in the year 1930 Detroit raised 98% of the funds expended for family relief by taxation, Springfield, Massachusetts, and Newark, New Jersey, 84% each. Washington, D. C. and New Orleans come at the other end of the scale, neither of these cities raising anything publicly, or by taxation.

Does not some faint glimmering of the real state of affairs begin to dawn now? What is this taxation for relief but our familiar friend, the Dole, masquerading not under a different name but under no name at all? What difference is there, where the taxpayer is concerned, between what is happening in England and over here? Multiply the situation here tenfold. Suppose that chronic unemployment had obtained in America, not for one year, but for ten years — then the taxpayer here like his brother in England would be clamoring to high heaven and wondering what was wrong. Even as it is, taxation for relief is increasing in this country year after year.

The trouble here is not that we have the Dole — for as we have seen, the Dole is no badge of shame — but that we are paying the price of the Dole without Labor receiving anything like the full quota of accompanying benefit. Perhaps this needs some explanation. We will start off by a very obvious statement: that, in any form of society, and if that society is to endure, Labor is entitled to work in order to support itself. If no work exists — if, in other words, there is general unemployment — Labor is nevertheless entitled to the reward for work: money. And sufficient of it to support the bare essentials of existence. Moreover, Labor is entitled to it not as charity but as a right, as something that is due and owing.

It is here that the whole system of Community Chest relief falls down at its inception. It is here that the whole fiddlestick contraption of private relief fails so ignominiously. What happens to a man here who is out of work and has exhausted all his resources? He goes to the Community Chest. His case is carefully diagnosed and from there he is sent to one of the many allied welfare organizations. If work can be found for him, well and good. But if not, what then? Why, he becomes an object of charity.

In England they do things a little differently. In normal times a system of self-supporting unemployment insurance takes care of the situation. But in times of acute unemployment, when the insurance fund has been exhausted and the scheme itself is showing weekly deficits, a man receives not charity but, as his legal right, cold, hard cash. Not very much, it is true, but enough to keep life going. That part of society that is responsible for his predicament pays the price, and rightly so. Could anything be more logical or just?

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IV

FORTUNATELY there is a growing body of public opinion in America that recognizes the evils of our present system, or rather lack of system. Witness the Swope Plan, the attitude of Senator Wagner and Bernard Baruch, the stand made by the garment trades and by the small group of enlightened American employers who have set up unemployment reserves. Gradually we are awakening to the fact that during the last decade we have made little progress in our battle with unemployment and that the only protection now enjoyed is both humiliating and inadequate. When all is said and done, after ten years of half-hearted experiment, only 195,000 workers — less than 1% of the country's wage earners — have been afforded protection against the hazard of unemployment. Of this number, 70,000 are General Electric employees, who now enjoy the benefit of the Swope Plan.

The Swope Plan, indeed, is of particular interest not only because of the prestige of the corporation involved but because its founder and originator, Gerard Swope, President of the General Electric Company, based his conclusions on a detailed study of the unemployment schemes existing in England and Germany.

No one in his right mind would claim that the English plan, the German plan, or any other plan is perfect. England was first in the field with a workable scheme and the result, despite all the changes that have taken place, remains largely in the nature of an experiment. Abuses, or to be strictly technical, "anomalies," have crept in, just as they have crept in in America. In time, no doubt, they will be rectified. The point to bear in mind is that England at least has a scientific plan and one that under anything approaching normal conditions is self-supporting and fair to taxpayer, employer, and worker alike. However far they may be from the final solution in England, they do at least have a firm grip on the right end of the stick. Here we have nothing. Not one scientific plan, but a chaotic mass of plans, the majority of which attempt to solve the problem from a hopelessly archaic approach.

In all fairness to the Community Chests it must be admitted that they are not to blame for the existing travesty on unemployment relief. They are merely in the unenviable position of trying to make the best of an added and most unwelcome burden. There can be no quarrel with the admirable work that they have accomplished along those lines of relief for which they were originally intended, namely relief for the aged, the bereaved, the sick, and those so hopelessly afflicted as to be incapable of earning their own living. No, the real quarrel must be with that state of national apathy which permits Industry to shuffle off what is primarily its own responsibility — unemployment — upon the charity of a supine and gullible public.

What a contrast is that afforded by unemployment insurance, for there we have the welcome spectacle of Industry shouldering a just portion of its own burden. In passing, it might be well to point out that the whole secret of unemployment insurance consists in the ability of the system to operate under normal unemployment conditions long enough for a sizeable fund to be built up. It is this reserve fund which bears the burden of the unbalanced ratio between employed and unemployed that exists during periods of extreme depression. Obviously, therefore, the best time for a scheme of unemployment insurance to go into effect is either toward the end or immediately after a major depression. For, under these circumstances, presumably at least a decade will elapse before a major depression arises to drain the resources of the fund.

It has been truly said that the only collective gain in relation to unemployment resulting from the depressions of 1914–15 and 1920–21 was the improvement in our employment statistics. Is it too much to hope that from the present depression we shall emerge a chastened and practical people, dependent upon a scientific and permanent national system of unemployment insurance to cope adequately with the weakest link in our economic system?

This is not a question that answers itself, because, of course, no one in America will die of starvation. Our Community Chests (and you must give them credit for a certain crude, commercial efficiency) will see to that. But that is not the point. The real danger of the situation lies in the fact that just because no one will starve, the apparent lack of necessity and the consequent weight of inertia will tend to militate against the crying need for change.

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The Rebirth of George Washington

by **JOHN HYDE PRESTON**

I

FOR HIS OWN people he is the cloudiest of the great figures. In the hundred and thirty-odd years since that December night when he died in his big canopied bed at Mount Vernon, he has gone farther away from us than Mark Antony, who died two thousand years ago. Of all his contemporaries, he is to us the least real. We can still hear La Fayette's hilarious laughter, Franklin's sly witticisms, Gouverneur Morris's thundering curses, Hamilton's sparkling talk but around Washington there is a stiff silence and the night of time. They buried him in a very simple grave at Mount Vernon; but the American people have laid him away in a mausoleum darker and more difficult to excavate than the pyramids of the Pharaohs.

Yet he is one of those men whom we shall never cease writing about. He is one of those figures who holds a tyranny over historians. It is not merely because he was great; it is for a reason more subtle and human. Many of the men whom we write the most about did not attain as full a measure of felicity and success as others who have been neglected by posterity. Wellington beat Napoleon at Waterloo; but we don't think of Wellington's victory; we think of Napoleon's defeat. Many of these men have come to humiliating and tragic ends, but they had some incalculable quality of romance that makes us remember them when we have forgotten others who died in glory and acclaim. Something glamorous and enigmatic keeps them forever alive.

We shall always be writing more about George Washington. The number of biographies of him fills the student with despair and awe. He had been dead scarcely a year when Parson Weems published a naïve and charming Life of him which is a storehouse of doubtful anecdotes and fables and had a sale that would sting our most popular modern novelist with envy. In 1804, John Marshall loosed upon the world five enormous volumes, five very serious, verbose volumes, which repeated many of the Weems fables and contributed some indispensable facts. The good Chief Justice spent so much time preparing the reader for the birth of his hero that, in his first volume, which exceeds a hundred thousand words, he mentions the name of Washington only once, near the end.

The nineteenth century saw the accumulation of a massive library of Washingtoniana. It is a forest of books, of pamphlets, of speeches. It is mostly underbrush, but the works of Sparks, Irving, and Worthington Ford (not to be confused with Paul Ford, who wrote rather foolishly about him) tower like trees above the rest. All three did valuable and original research. Their chief fault was their pious idolization of their subject. The incense of their adoration curls so thick around the figure of Washington that it is difficult at times to see through it and discern the man.

In 1889, Henry Cabot Lodge suggested timidly that our making Washington into a god had made him lifeless. Lodge dissolved a few of the sugar-and-syrup myths, but the time was not yet ripe for any strenuous realism in treatment, and Lodge had to think of his own reputation as a Massachusetts politician. So he suppressed a great deal that he knew, made some respectable contradictions, and let it go at that.

It was allowed to go for thirty-five years. Not until Mr. John C. Fitzpatrick edited the Washington diaries in 1925 was a fresh wind blown through the stuffy mists of adoration. Then at last we began to smell horses and

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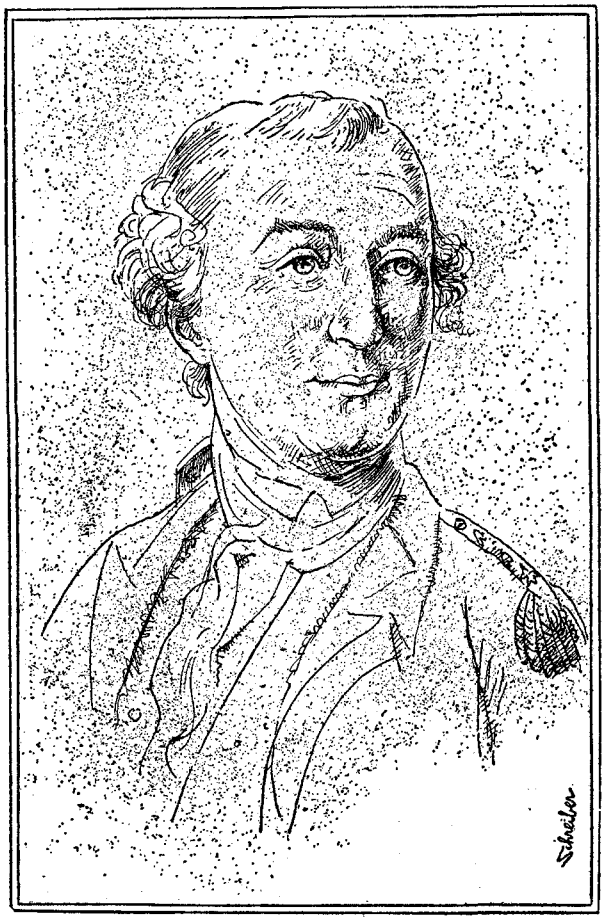
timothy and the Virginia earth and the undefinable odor of a man who had worked hard and ridden hard.

Washington emerged from his own diaries as a man, a reality, a vital spirit. He emerged simple, vigorous, lonely, and almost sad. Interest in him and his life and his ideas, so long suffocated by sanctity, again burned bright and eager. On my shelves I can count eight thoughtful and man-sized books on Washington which have been published in the past few years; of them, five have appeared since 1929. Mr. Rupert Hughes has already completed three volumes of his monumental biography, and he still has eighteen crowded years to cover. Mr. John Corbin recently discovered enough about the "unknown Washington" to fill four hundred exciting pages. The tide steadily mounts; it is overwhelming.

This should be the flood year, for February 22 marks the two hundredth anniversary of Washington's birth. Every newspaper, every magazine, every bookstore will bulge with the rediscovery of his name. It will be magnificent, terrible, frightening. It will be depressing, too, because so many will throw the vaporous clouds of sentimentality around him again and obscure the vital figure. They will make speeches, dedicate statues, pick sprigs of the box hedges he planted at Mount Vernon, and bury him under an avalanche of words.

But it is to be wondered if they will come any closer to him. It is to be wondered if his bicentennial will be only another birthday or — what it should be — a rebirth.

The attitude toward George Washington of the average American, even of the average intelligent American, is not one of interest. He neither likes nor dislikes him; but he is not attracted by that atmosphere of priggishness and inhuman virtue so long associated with the Father of His Country. He feels no charm, no persuasion. The thought that he might have enjoyed Washington as a friend never enters his head. It is not his fault, nor Washington's. It is the fault of our educators, of our professional uplifters, of our mistaken textbooks.



George Washington

After a drawing by Charles Wilson Peale

Every school can boast of a lifeless Gilbert Stuart portrait of Washington in its halls. Every young boy and girl is told the story of the cherry tree as well as how Washington refused to fight with the boys at school because he knew his mother would be displeased. It does not matter much that Stuart painted all his portraits of Washington after his subject had lost his teeth and had to stuff his mouth with cotton when posing and that all Stuart's canvases were glorifications of one original sketch. The important thing is that the schoolboy, looking upon the smug and expressionless face that Stuart perpetuated, feels his own mouth stuffed with cotton. He is never given the fine drawings by Ramage and Peale and the life-mask that Houdon took, showing Washington's badly pock-marked cheeks.

Neither does it matter much that the cherry tree story was a figment of Parson Weems's imagination. The important thing is that such a super-moral tale antagonizes the child and makes him regard Washington as somebody very perfect, very impossible, and very alien.

We are started wrong; and only mature years of study and reflection can erase from our minds the image of that smug little boy

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who could not tell a lie. We find it hard to substitute the realities of his fiery youth and gusty manhood for the glum and self-satisfied looking old man that Stuart painted. This Washington seems to have nothing to give us, no hold on our excited modern minds. We have never been able to feel ourselves close to him or feel him real.

Indeed, as a nation we do not feel anything about him, because we do not know him. He awes us as much as he awed the young officers who went against his will in the Revolution. Because he seems so virtuous, we distrust him; because he seems so stern, we feel no warmth in him; because he seems so gigantic, we are embarrassed by him. We pay him tribute, but we do not love him.

If Washington were to come alive on his two hundredth birthday, no man would be more embarrassed by his reputation. He loathed pedestals; he would have loathed more than anything that a pedestal be put under him. When the young Chateaubriand came to Mount Vernon and audibly worshipped him in Gallic ecstasy, Washington laughed aloud and took his hand, saying: "Well, well, young man — well, well!"

If he were alive to-day, our worship would probably wake again that deep-chested laughter. It would disturb him, too, for he never designed that he should become a national figure; he loved privacy. He did not want to be a hero; he was a fox-hunting Virginia squire in whose Diaries the most oft-repeated word is the word *alone*. Yet the very fact that he wished to remain a private citizen on the banks of the Potomac made him the most trustworthy man for public office. The very fact that his life and activities at Mount Vernon served him with all he desired in life left him free to serve his country without a thought of how it might serve him.

Other men give birth to an ideal; an ideal gave birth to Washington. It was an ideal which had obsessed Europe for a century. Monarchy was dying from ossification; the philosophers were chanting the death-knell of autocrats. Voltaire and Rousseau awaited the appearance of a great republican dictator, the prophet of a new era of political enlightenment, the savior of mankind. Like the Wise Men, they fixed their eyes on the eastern sky in search of the Star. They looked toward Germany, Austria, Bavaria, Russia.

But the Star rose in the West. It came in the person of a big-handed, big-nosed tobacco-planter from Virginia who had never read Voltaire and cared but little for his dream of enlightened despots.

When the philosophers saw this man who commanded armies without pay, who served his people only to save them, they ecstatically embraced his image and the image of America. When the Revolution was over, independence secured, the Constitution created, and Washington had become President, he appeared in European eyes as the ideal republican, the republican hero. There was irony in the fact that the man who had realized in action the visions of the philosophers had never read their books and was comparatively unaware of their philosophy; but the irony was buried out of sight by adoration.

Yet Washington himself seemed as much stunned by what he had accomplished as by the choral praises that rang in his ears. He said that he, who had acted only in the interests of his countrymen, could not understand why he had inspired Europe. That he really did not understand made no difference; they applauded him for modesty. He was so overcome that he could say nothing; and the nations sat spellbound by his silence.

He had but a very vague conception of what he had done. It was not because he was stupid, but because he had acted so naturally that he could not see how he had done anything momentous or out of the ordinary. He was too close to himself to realize that his greatest strength had been in the fact that he *had* acted naturally. He had not planned a revolution; he had grown, somewhat reluctantly, with it. He had no urge to power; therefore he could use it with rare wisdom and restraint. Then, when it was done, he was bewildered by those who praised his building.

In that is the finest proof of his magnitude. The truly great man, like the truly great lover, has so much to give that he is never aware that he is giving. Only small men can estimate their accomplishments, can know why they have succeeded. Small men attain a place; Washington filled one. By remaining faithful to his simple Virginia aristocracy, he had spread his influence to every corner of the

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civilized globe. By remaining insular, he had shown himself universal.

II

THE EUROPEAN philosophers of the time created a portrait of Washington that is true to this day; the essential outlines of their estimate have never been proved faulty or exaggerated. They penetrated his core and understood the real reasons for his greatness, his significance.

His fellow-countrymen did not. They knew little and cared little — because they did not need to know or care — about European philosophies and European dreams of enlightened despots. They did not have the perspective of time or distance and could not see what might have happened to the United States if Washington had *not* been an enlightened despot who had fought with generals and politicians for his own dream of a republic. They did not know that the Constitution never could have crystallized without him and that America after the war, but for him and his staunch adherents, might have become a monarchy.

All that his countrymen could see, after Washington had retired from the Presidency and gone back to Mount Vernon to die, was the Man of Character and Silence. He was an enigmatic titan whom they could not understand and who puzzled them as much as he impressed them. Yet they had to write about him, talk about him, glory in his glory.

So they ignored his universality; they painted him provincial. The moment he was dead, the writers of the time wrapped him in a sarcophagus of suffocating virtues. Washington's real virtues were positive; they loaded him with negative ones. They wrote his biography. They made the hot-headed youth who fired the first gun of the Seven Years' War and once stood every man at a bar in West Virginia to drinks until his last cent was gone, the simpering equivalent of Little Lord Fauntleroy. They made the grave-eyed general who in 1776 delighted the French by his Olympian masculinity, the paragon of domestic priggishness.

They forgot how he could laugh. They forgot how he could drink. They forgot how he loved parties and how he once danced for three hours with Catherine Greene when he had plenty of champagne under his belt. They made him never-smiling, always-disapproving. They even diminished the size of his hands in their countless engravings, so as to keep up the illusion of extreme delicacy. They divested him of human passions, of all the pleasant sins that flesh is heir to. They emasculated him.

It is needless to say that they forgot his real greatness. It was impossible to measure or define what had so mightily impressed them — so they created a substitute. They manufactured a statue out of sugar and beeswax that would have delighted a confectioner. The depressing thing to-day is that this statue has endured. Now bit by bit it is being chipped away, but it takes a silver bullet to penetrate it. Mr. Corbin and Mr. Hughes and Mr. Woodward have fired some; but that statue seems to possess nine lives. Nothing in the world has a more indestructible resiliency than a myth.

It would be grievous if this fantastic portrait of Washington had come from a lack of understanding alone. It has not. Part of it came from what Carlyle called the most sublime impulse of the human heart — hero worship. And in Washington's case it was something even more profound than hero worship. It was a form of idolization so violent and emotional that it became a sort of religion.

America ushered in the nineteenth century as a new nation — a nation made up of various nations, various races, various creeds. Washington was two weeks dead; with him had seemed to go a certain spiritual unity. As long as he had lived he had been a sort of common denominator of the American spirit; and his going had left a great emptiness. The country suddenly became conscious that it had never had a past until now. Washington was the past.

We realized, of course, that we could advance commercially and expand the bounds of a great empire westward under the sun. But that was not entirely satisfying. A spiritual significance had to be found: the older nations of Europe all had their great national legends. The flag was our symbol of an undying faith, but it was not enough. We wanted a national hero. We needed to fasten our symbolic conception of America to some great man who had been among us, just as Christianity needed to fasten its belief to Christ.

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Washington took on, in the popular imagination, godlike features and godlike qualities. He was canonized. He was St. Christopher fording the eternal river of time, bearing the child on his back.

To-day the reaction is to laugh at this idolization of Washington that is sicklied over with the frosting of impossible virtues. Some of the more scientific and dispassionate school of modern biographers would have us stamp this picture out, destroy it utterly. They want us to see only the real Washington, the vital Washington, the "new" Washington.

Their intentions are praiseworthy, but their hopes are ill-considered. We cannot entirely dispense with any national legend — nor do we want to. When we laugh at it, we are laughing at something distinctly American. We are laughing at our own bright dream of youth, the golden, impossible hopes of mankind. That all this should seem absurd to us is the price we pay for growing up.

We may well forget some of the more absurd myths and moral object lessons, but we cannot afford to cast away the whole Washington legend; it still has value for us. But we must remember that, as it stands, it is incomplete. It is incomplete because most Americans know only a fractional part of what there is to know about him. That is why the spirit of his modern biographers has been to enrich the legend. It has not been to "debunk," but to record the voyage of a life, and to record it without rancor and without prejudice.

To discover what sort of man he really was, at Mount Vernon where he loved to ride, at the dinner table where he used to sit long after dessert and crack nuts between his large thumb and forefinger, at army headquarters where he drank and joked and played cards with his officers in the darkest hours of war, can only enhance his reality, and so enhance the legend.

He was so infinitely various and changeable and he did so many things that it makes one breathless to keep up with him. He was an adventurer, a land-baron, a tobacco-planter, a fox-hunter, an aristocrat, a plutocrat, a money-lender, an exporter, a manufacturer, a politician, a soldier, a general, a statesmen. He seemed unemotional; yet he could easily be moved to tears or laughter. Some found him austere and cold; yet La Fayette never hesitated to throw himself into his arms and kiss him on both cheeks. His patience was sublime and unassailable; but when he lost his temper, burly and tough-muscled men trembled and slunk away before his violence. He was defeated in almost every battle he ever fought; yet his soldiers, with a few notorious exceptions, never doubted his leadership. He was shy and haughty and reserved; yet the lowliest man in the ranks adored him and went to him for justice. He could be all things to all men because he was one thing always: he was infinitely human.

Those who observed from the outside could not know the inner secrets of his soul. If he seemed serene and contained as if by bands of steel, it was not easy to sense the smoldering volcano that lay hidden in his nature and which he struggled with every ounce of strength to keep under control. Only a few of his intimates knew how he feared his own temper, for they could remember the day in Boston when he had trembled for hours after losing it. Only they knew how nervous and sensitive and brooding this iron man was and how deep he could sometimes sink into despair.

III

After he had retired from public life forever and returned to his beloved Mount Vernon, he seemed to live in a pensive, silent dream; his grayish blue eyes were turned backward upon what his life had been. He had that detached manner of old men who have left the heat of the sun to sit quietly in the shade. He seemed awed and weighted down by what he had accomplished, what he had become. Not since he returned from the Seven Years' War, broken in health, suffering from a mysterious nervous depression, had he wanted anything sweeter than peace and the leave to watch his crops grow at Mount Vernon and to become a feudal lord of Virginia.

It was at that time, in his twenties, that his great love had come to him — his tragic, beautiful, unconsummated love for Sally Fairfax, the wife of his best friend and neighbor. She had nursed him in his illness of body and spirit, inspired him with her ideal of a republic, and won his speechless and burning adoration. His love of her, so wistful and passionate, had matured his gawky youth; but it was to deepen

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and darken his manhood with a sense of sorrow, of resignation, of fate. His marriage with plump little Martha Custis was one of convenience; he never loved her, but he made her a dutiful husband. The dream of Sally Fairfax was in his heart until the day he died — the creature with the golden hair, of "mirth, good humor, ease of mind" — the slim, laughing creature for whom he cherished a love so enduring, so profound, so heroic, and so inexpressibly sad. After Sally went to live in England, after his youth had gone, all he could love was his great estate on the Potomac, his broad fields, his waving corn, his horses, his friends, and his memories.

Then came the trouble with England. He had no desire to rebel against his King, but Virginia's sources of income and his own were being menaced; and he knew that, if Virginia prosperity were strangled by taxes, his land baron's dream of a great westward expansion would be strangled too. But he did not want to lead the Revolution; he was carried into leadership. When it was over after seven soul-harrowing years and he had won, he wished, as he wrote in one of his last melancholy letters to Sally, "to spend the remainder of my days, which cannot be many, in rural amusements, free from the cares from which public responsibility is never exempt"; but his people carried him into the Presidency.

When he came back, after eight years, to his horses and his waving corn, he "called to mind the days of my youth, and found that they had long since fled to return no more." He begged Sally to spend "the evening of life" with him and her old friends; but he never saw her again. He lost himself in a profound silence. He was alone; even amid his swarm of visitors he seemed alone; and he used to like to ride alone through the woods and fields to the vine-choked ruins of Belvoir where, in the days that "had long since fled," he used to go to see his most beloved woman. On one of those rides alone he caught cold; and a few days later he was alone for all time.

Washington's greatness is as difficult to define as it is to measure. As a general, lesser men have excelled him; any amateur militarist can pick holes in his strategy. Grant and Robert E. Lee could have easily won all the battles he lost; and yet it is very doubtful that they could have won the Revolution. Perhaps he is the only man in history who could have held together that disorganized, mongrel horde of soldiers and those disorganized, mongrel states and led them to final victory. He won the war by the one thing nobody had counted on when they appointed him commander-in-chief in 1775. He won it by his character.

America produced far more brilliant statesmen during his own time. It is possible that Washington would have been lost without their skill; but it is more possible that, without him, the ideal republic that they dreamed of would have been born a nondescript. He held them in check and gave them unity. Again he triumphed by his character.

Character is a word that has become meaningless from being used too often and indiscriminately. It should imply a combination of selflessness, vigor, intelligence, courage, and steadfastness. Washington had all five. He added to them his charm, his silence, and his profound capacity for love. Other men have qualities; he had character.

In that was his glamour and his eternal magic. It was his magic for his contemporaries: he inspired trust. Generations of philosophic thought and the temper of his age had forged the way and opened the place for such a man; he was great because he was the first to fill it and because he filled it so completely. He was not great because he was an innovator, an original thinker, or a revolutionist; he had the capacity to be none of those; he was great because he could translate the hopes of mankind and the visions of philosophers into realities of his own.

If we relegate all else we have to the past, he should be kept forever alive, forever present. In him is our virility and our immortal youth. To a young American, no force can be so inspiriting and so refreshing as a true understanding of that man. For he was one of a breed of titans. He gave his last ounce of strength to his country because he knew instinctively that, without his country, he would be meaningless. Because he felt himself and his country one, in slaving for her he was really slaving for his own identity as a man. That is why he was a leader who could not be led, a man who governed only to serve, an idealist who would fight for his ideals. That is why he will remain forever the republican hero, America's rock of ages.

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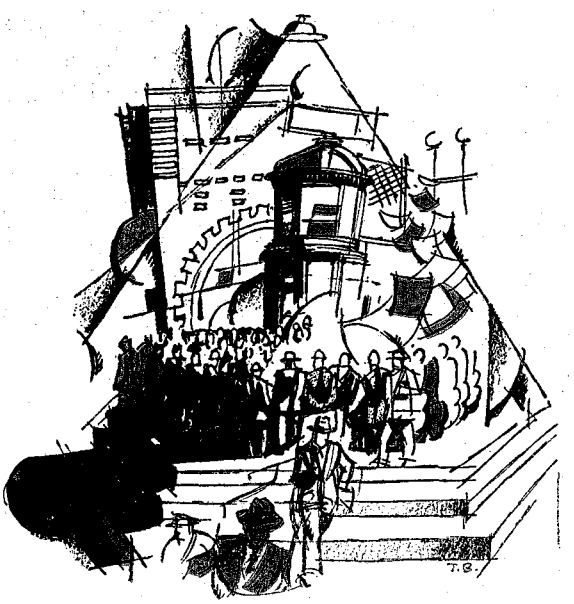
Frankenstein in Hollywood

by **DALTON TRUMBO**



THE AMERICAN cinema of to-day is a forlorn creature torn between two desires: the wish to appease its critics among the intelligentsia, and the necessity of making money. To what extent these efforts are successful may best be judged by an increasing disapproval of the critics and an alarming shrinkage of profits. To a large degree these disastrous conditions are attributable to the spirit of the industry itself — a spirit which has substituted servility to all attacks for the dignified humility which should distinguish the acts of a new and struggling artistic form. In abasing itself to its critics — most of whom, unfortunately, are also its enemies — it has brought itself to the brink of collapse.

Perhaps it would be wise to examine the qualifications of those who attack the cinema most vigorously. It must be apparent to the impartial observer that the cinema, at least in the new world, has attracted to itself no solidified and creditable critical body. To be sure there are isolated instances where intelligent men analyze the motion picture, basing their assertions upon absolute knowledge of the medium. They are few, unrecognized, and lamentably lacking in influence when compared with some such indomitable soul as Louella Parsons and the pseudo-critical institutions which she has mothered. Among those qualified to discuss the cinema there exist only two groups: those who are legitimate and informed but whose public is limited, and the newspaper gang from which no good possibly can come.

An intelligent person wishing to read of the cinema usually must approach a third group for his information. This group is composed of the most vigorous and certainly the most entertaining writers upon the current scene. They have established themselves as literary and dramatic critics of the first water. They wield vast influence and awe millions. To a man they are contemptuous of the cinema. And to a man they are almost completely ignorant of those peculiar Hollywood gyrations which produce a motion picture. Upon their credentials in the literary and dramatic worlds they presume an ability to discuss the cinema, never admitting for an instant that the cinema is a distinct art form, or that a person need know anything of it to be able to name its faults. To them attendance at the cinema is embarkation upon an intellectual slumming expedition from which no possible benefit can be derived. Their frequent writings have served to congeal in the minds of a thinking American public a definitely scornful attitude toward motion pictures. They have accomplished this end upon quite vulnerable grounds. First, they know nothing and wish to know nothing about the motion picture as an art; and second, they invariably concern themselves more with the foibles of those

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who produce motion pictures than with the finished product.

The result has been a campaign of unparalleled ridicule, devised — or at least it appears so — to shame an intelligent person from even the slightest interest in the screen. Because five thousand people brave traffic and suffocation in order to see stars entering a Hollywood super-cinema at a premier performance, the movies are an entertainment of, by, and for imbeciles. But a gentleman who pays fifty dollars to a ticket speculator for a seat at one of Mr. Ziegfeld's pulchritudinous displays, or a dowager who wears half a million in gauds to witness a performance at the Metropolitan, reflects no discredit upon the entertainment viewed, and possibly may lend a little to its standing. A trifling illustration, but one which summarizes the logic of many.

Nor has the constant beleaguering of these charming critics from the intelligentsia been without its effect. Their ridicule has spurred the cinema amazingly. Hollywood is an impressionable infant, and the guffaws of its betters have filled it with shame and humiliation. With the zeal which is characteristic of any ambitious youngster, it set about to reform. The motion picture was an entertainment without language, designed to appeal to a universal audience through the medium of one of the oldest and most honorable dramatic forms — pantomime. Its appeal to the spectator was entirely through the eyes, and it found its response in that portion of the brain dedicated to the emotions. One did not have to think to attend the cinema; one had only to feel. The stimulus was entirely emotional. The literary and dramatic critics were completely at fault when they attacked it as an intellectual pastime. They missed the point because they had not taken the trouble to establish a basis for criticism. They harped on intellectual content when they should have dealt with photographic excellence and emotional response.

Enter the Talkies

At the moment when the silent picture appreciably was slowing down, not — as so many contended — because of any inherent weakness as an art form, but rather because of a deplorable dearth of originality and themes, the talking picture was introduced to the public. Its very novelty brought millions to the box office and convinced producers that the golden goose definitely and finally had been recaptured. However, they overlooked the subtle fact that in introducing speech they had entered into the perplexities of a new medium, and had partially deserted the older one. Or perhaps they recognized and welcomed the new medium as an opportunity to confound all backbiters who declared that the screen was wholly lacking in intellectual fecundity.

In the years since that epochal event the motion picture has improved from all angles. The camera mechanism has been perfected marvelously. Interesting experiments have been made with color. The imaginative and artistic quality of photography has been raised to a level surprisingly high. The whole principle of the motion picture as it existed in pre-audible days was thrown overboard at the introduction of talkies, replaced by the photographed play, and then slowly evolved through a process which still is working, into a somewhat fortunate combination of both stage and cinema.

But mere mechanical and photographic and structural improvement was not enough. The most voluptuous names in literature were pounced upon at fancy figures to go to Hollywood and write pictures. Reverberations of the falls they executed still thunder through Hollywood, but the fault was not theirs. Just as the motion picture industry believed that a dramatic critic by some mysterious hocus-pocus could shed his legitimate skin and write competently of the screen, so did it believe that a dramatist or a novelist could become a capable scenarist overnight. This fallacy, fortunately, by now is dissipated almost completely.

Startling raids upon Broadway were conducted, and they resulted in the advent to Hollywood of some of the proudest names in the legitimate drama. A few made good and today are stars which reflect credit upon the screen. Others — many others — failed and have returned to their old haunts. Promising newcomers to the stage have been spirited away in such numbers that Broadway casting has become a very knotty problem. Hollywood had the money and it proposed to spend it freely in an endeavor to overcome the objections of its cultural critics. For — and let no one be misled on this point — Hollywood is fearfully sensitive, and would almost sacrifice a bit of profit to turn out something which could be hailed

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by the critics as approaching decent art.

The transition period has been healthful and worth the effort. Pictures currently are being produced which compare flatteringly with the best that is offered by the legitimate stage and the novel. There are, indeed, a few who believe that the improvement in the cinema has been so marked as to make the sister arts appear stationary and lethargic. The drama and novel have evolved through hundreds of years of rehearsal; the cinema through thirty. Each minute of those thirty years has been made to count, and to count decisively. There have been colossal mistakes, horrible vulgarities, ludicrous pretensions; but somewhere in the heart of the movies lies a spark too mighty to be quenched by the screen's own follies or the revilement of its enemies. The cinema is growing and learning.

But in the face of these improvements has been brewed a storm of critical disapproval more tempestuous than ever before. The very gentlemen for whom the talkies were invented continue to condemn them. The cinema, it appears, is more abysmal than ever. It is a bastard child of the stage and screen combining the worst traits of each parent. It is a tin-pan abomination, an intellectual vacuum, a saturnalia of imbecility designed for dolts and nit-wits. Not a word is mentioned of the improvements which have been visited upon the monstrosity, not a single concession is made that the screen, like its older relatives, can be expected to produce only one or two genuine works of art in the course of an average lifetime. Nothing but wrath and displeasure are offered by the gentlemen whom the new cinema sought to please.

But still more dismaying than the unsuccessful attempt to please the intellectuals is the ever-increasing woe which has assumed the form of decreased patronage. It now appears that in courting new friends the cinema has alienated old ones. In the face of improvements unparalleled in any other industry during the same period, the motion picture business finds itself in a very bad way. One company is forced to borrow $23,000,000 to complete its production schedule, another $11,000,000, and a third drains the private fortune of its founders. The balance sheet of a very powerful producing corporation reveals a net gain of $120,000 on a gross business of $40,000,000, while another is forced to add a chewing gum magnate and a taxicab baron — for a consideration — to its board of directors, and a third sells its soul to a large banking firm. Film stocks are selling for as little as one-twentieth of their peak values, and no one is certain that the end of the decline has been reached yet.

The general depression may account for a certain portion of what in many instances is actual loss, but not for all of it. Some canny observers point out convincingly that the amusement industries show the effect of hard times less than any other business. The immense expense of making so sudden a change might share a part of the responsibility were it not for the fact that the first year of talkies turned in such huge profits that the assumption is out of the question. The terrifying extravagance which has made Hollywood a ninth marvel should not escape its burden of blame, but even this unceasing orgy cannot adequately explain the condition in which the industry finds itself to-day. The magnitude of a business which sells to over a hundred million native customers each week is something which cannot be floored by such serious defects, however greatly it may be weakened by them. Not even the loss of an enormous slice of foreign business can account for the situation. It lies deeper, and in a different direction.

Fundamentally — and this really is a great joke on the intellectuals — the problem which faces the motion picture is not artistic, but economic. Pictures can be made — a few are being made — which are a credit to the art. But the revision of motion picture into talking picture has wrought such colossal changes in the article and in the public which purchases the article that the merchandising system of the old order cannot care for the needs of the new. Hollywood is faced with the old bugaboo of distribution. But it is not so simple a matter as the distribution of motor cars or cigarettes or underwear. In order for motion pictures to regain their health the entire method of distribution based on immense theaters and mass audiences must be done away with completely. And so much money is invested in this system that it cannot conceivably be junked. Therein lies a ponderous knot, and the Alexander who can cut it will not go without honor — honor in the best Hollywood manner.

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The Talkies Call for Brains

When the cinema became talkative it lost a great deal of its purely emotional appeal. Spoken words hurled at an audience from the screen reach a different portion of the brain and evoke a different reaction. Talk, however, senseless or trivial, evokes thought. Talking pictures really were a surrender to the demand for more intelligent screen entertainment. The cinema became a combination of the emotion and the intellect, and was foolish enough to believe that it could escape the penalties of such a change. Motion picture producers accepted the new device blindly, and within a few months proved their inability to control it. Now it has got completely out of hand, supplanted the older cinema, and embarked upon a perilous and exciting course of its own. As it became audible it took unto itself the various divisions which distinguish the classes of legitimate dramatic entertainment. High drama, social drama, sophisticated drama, musical comedy, farce comedy, and downright bawdy comedy became integral parts of a motion picture production schedule. And in taking over the dramatic classifications of the legitimate stage Hollywood failed to consider the method by which the legitimate stage distributes its product.

In order to sell their article the movie plutocrats during their lush years — and even now to an amazing extent — indulged in an orgy of theater building. Palaces arose on Main Street and coliseums bloomed on Broadway. Without regard to the saturation point this diverting competition reached the stage where a company which did not own a thousand theaters in which to exhibit its pictures faced an utter lack of market. Each theater that nudged the heavens increased the necessity for pictures which would appeal to all people, races, religions, and pocketbooks. Although the advent of talkies clearly demanded a new sort of picture, a class picture, the greedy maws of thousands of theaters made such a production out of the question. Producers had made the mistake of interesting themselves more in theaters than in pictures.

At first the expansion scheme worked beautifully. The chain houses reached vast audiences, and if they were only partially filled the resulting profit was large. But as the number of theaters increased beyond the demand for them, as competing companies reared cathedral after cathedral with the sole purpose of cutting a rival throat, a packed house became an absolute necessity. The outlay for theaters was so tremendous and the race so exhausting that a partially filled house was nothing less than an economic disaster. With the talking picture came the final collapse of the dream. Hollywood had taken on classifications, and no single classification could appeal to enough people to fill the theaters. In order for a motion picture to show a profit under the theater-laden system it had to please everybody.

Such a thing, naturally, is impossible. A picture designed to please everyone must be a potpourri of contrasting dramatic ingredients. Usually it ends by pleasing no one. A picture devised to appeal to a particular class loses money because that class is not large enough to fill the immense theaters. The sophisticated comedy-drama must receive a heavy patronage in rural sections in addition to its city income or it loses money. The more melodramatic and moral picture must augment its rural profits with plenty of urban admissions in order to show a profit.

The result is painfully apparent. Whereas in silent days the finest pictures showed the largest profits, it now is common for the finest and most expertly produced talkies to show actual losses. The incentive to produce something superlatively fine — a very potent force in the old enthusiastic days — is gone, because there is no money in it. As a result there is no definite objective and the industry is floundering hopelessly. It is turning out fine pictures at a loss and popular pictures at half their former profit. The life of the average picture has been cut in half, the double feature ogre haunts neighborhood houses, and the box office is weak and sickly.

In its very haste to appeal to the intelligentsia the cinema has turned out some genuinely idiotic affairs. Poseurs have slipped in and alienated many former customers without winning new ones. As it stands to-day the cinema is spoiled for the masses and not good enough for the intellectuals. Caviar and roast beef have been mixed in the same vat upon the mistaken theory that the mess will be sure to appeal to all who have palates for either ingredient.

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Hollywood Must Take Aim

All suggestions and props are but makeshift affairs when confronted with the problem of how to produce carefully aimed class entertainment which will fill thousands of movie cathedrals. Apparently an economic impossibility, still it must be done if the present production system survives. If the complete collapse of the present system is necessary in order to create class pictures, it shortly will be accomplished, for things cannot go on much longer as they are. Pictures will have to cost less money. Half-million-dollar stars, directors, and executives will have to pass under the guillotine. Many indigent relatives must be ejected, many incompetents must resign their positions to better minds, and many theaters that stand on the statements as assets but produce no income must be unloaded. The class picture, having less spectators and less income, necessarily must have less expense. The process will be painful, but it will also be necessary.

Popular pictures untinctured with philosophical considerations or thought-provoking problems must be produced and sold to a popular audience at popular prices. And quality pictures uncontaminated by the emotional pap which hitherto has been added for the sake of popular appeal must be produced for quality audiences at quality prices. The variations are practically innumerable, and the quality, expense, and selling price of a motion picture will be established only after a long period of experimentation. But when it is established the industry will be revived tremendously.

Nor may the critics of the cinema direct any horse laughs at Hollywood for squaring off and taking aim. Heaven only knows the number of Broadway hits that have changed in character almost completely between the first rehearsal and the first night. Such procedure is ridiculed if it is observed in Hollywood, but in New York it is evidence of excellent sense. Even publishers are not immune to making suggestions concerning the type of material they will submit to their particular publics. To be sure, Hollywood has indulged in ridiculous privileges with stories, but in the future such efforts will be concentrated on producing a picture which takes into consideration very sharp and definite class boundaries.

The result will be beneficial for the industry and for everyone connected with it. The purely literary critics who lambast Hollywood will be done away with completely, and in their place will appear competent cinema critics who know something of the art form of which they speak. The motion picture industry will be judged, not as in the past by its average, but rather by its best product. No present literary critic will consider Harold Bell Wright seriously, yet the same gentleman will rip to pieces a cinema designed to appeal to the very people who read Mr. Wright. In the cities there will be Little Theaters of the Cinema. There will be musical comedy cinema houses. There will be establishments devoted to melodrama. And they all will prosper. The movies will become an art and will be rated as an art. Their huge profits may dwindle, but greater tragedies can be conceived. Always there will be at least as much money in the production of motion pictures as can be obtained in any other legitimate enterprise. But the day of gaudy salaries and gaudy theaters is swiftly drawing to a close.

Hollywood at present is divided into two camps: those who believe that the talking picture with a universal appeal will eventually be patented and produced, and those who contend that the silent cinema must return. Both are wrong. The talking picture designed to hold a universal appeal will attract only the very unintelligent and hence the poorest trade. The silent picture is dead save for an occasional arty revival which will appeal only to æsthetes who, in addition to usually being poor, are also very few. It is enough to know that the town is brimming with people who can and will make successful pictures once the bars are lifted. No one can predict exactly how these bars will be raised or when. Whoever possessed such prophetic powers doubtless would effect the changes himself and become a rival of Rockefeller. But that they must rise appears fairly certain. Probably they will be removed through sheer force of circumstances. There are excellent chances that the next few years — perhaps the next few months — will witness the crash of several major producing companies. New commanders will step in, take over the tremendous and encouraging wreckage which has been wrought, and upon the ashes of the old nest create a Phoenix which will confound even the cinema's most rabid critics.

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Franklin D. Roosevelt

Presidential Possibilities—VIII

***by* JOHN T. HACKETT**

When Franklin Delano Roosevelt wins the Democratic nomination this summer and is elected President next fall. . . .

But perhaps that is going too boldly, and perhaps that is going too far. It is not positive but only probable that Mr. Roosevelt will be the Democratic nominee. It is not positive but only possible that he will be the thirty-second President of the United States.

That Mr. Roosevelt will be blocked at the Democratic national convention by Al Smith and the favorite sons is not inconceivable. But, despite Smith's announcement of February 7, I do not know that he really wishes to shut Roosevelt off. He may be working for Newton D. Baker or some other candidate besides Roosevelt. He may hope to be nominated himself, though I doubt it. Or he may simply be trying to fashion a club of convention delegates with which to force Roosevelt and the party platform to adopt a bold stand on his pet subjects, notably prohibition. It still seems doubtful that Smith will try to prevent Roosevelt's nomination at the convention. Indeed, Roosevelt has been running so fast and so far ahead that by convention time stopping him may be out of the question.

Once nominated, he would be strong primarily, of course, because of the sleeping sickness which has been afflicting Republican prosperity, and because poverty, which Mr. Hoover had thought some of abolishing, threatens to end by abolishing Mr. Hoover. Meanwhile, Roosevelt is strong because of his peculiar faculty of pleasing all parts of the country. To the North he is a wet and Smith's high-toned champion of 1928. To the West he is a progressive, particularly on power. To the South he is a dignified, affluent, Protestant country gentleman, with a headful of Harvard learning and a refined voice, who can be trusted not to build a tunnel to the Vatican. Then again, Roosevelt has been popular in the South ever since he helped to establish Georgia's Warm Springs foundation for the treatment of cripples and began to take a sympa-

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thetic interest in many Southern problems.

Thus all three political sections can unite in praise of his qualities, no two praising the same ones. And therefore Mr. Roosevelt, if nominated, will get a great many votes. But so, Lord bless him, did Al. The thing to note about Roosevelt is not his ability to amass a heavy popular vote, but, briefly, this: If he carries only those states in which the odds should favor him, plus one or two others in which the odds should be even or slightly against him, he will win by a comfortable electoral majority. Or, to put it another way, giving Roosevelt only his probable minimum: If he carries the Solid South, either of the two border states — Tennessee and Kentucky — and Illinois, Ohio, Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Maryland, and New York, he will receive 266 votes in the Electoral College. By a curious and too pat coincidence, he needs 266 to win.

This may sound like, but it is not, mere political jugglery, as it would be, for example, to say that 473,000 votes, properly distributed among the states, would have elected Smith in 1928, or that Mr. Hoover can win this year by carrying but thirteen of the forty states he carried three years ago. The fact is that, judging from their record in 1930 when political, economic, and prohibition conditions were roughly what they are at this writing, the wet Mr. Roosevelt should carry every one of the six Eastern and Mid-Western states here mentioned, assuming, of course, that the Republican nominee is the cracker-dry Mr. Hoover. Massachusetts and Rhode Island are both as wet as rain; in the 1930 elections the former chose a wet Democratic Governor and Senator and voted to repeal its state enforcement act, while the latter voted for the repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment. Both states probably prefer Smith to Roosevelt. They undoubtedly prefer Roosevelt to Hoover — and so, very likely, do Ohio, Illinois, Maryland, and New York. Ohio and Illinois each elected a wet Democratic Senator in 1930 and the citizens of Illinois also demanded the repeal of all the dry laws ever heard of. Maryland and New York, both wet, likewise went Democratic, the former reëlecting Governor Ritchie, the latter giving Roosevelt himself a smashing 725,000 plurality. Moreover, should Roosevelt fail in any of these states, there remain such possibilities as Missouri, Montana, Colorado, Arizona, Indiana, and even New Jersey, which elected a wet Democratic Governor in 1931.

Why He Is a Democrat

An inquiry into the ways and record of Franklin Roosevelt tends to become an inquiry into the practical workings of American democracy. Mr. Demos and the Missus are to be congratulated for appreciating his virtues, but they are to be blamed for encouraging his weaknesses. Mr. Roosevelt is not weak by nature, though, with Mr. and Mrs. in mind, he is now and then weak by design. It is not true that he lacks courage. No Presidential candidate who lacked courage would do what he did on January 12 — recommend a hundred per cent increase in the New York tax rate on personal incomes for 1932.

If you are quick to seize upon symbols, note that Roosevelt smokes Camels in a long and tony cigarette holder. The cigarettes for his interest in and concessions to the crowd; the holder for his aristocratic instincts and background. Certainly he is a contradictory person, this patrician-progressive who likes to argue that "unrest in this world of ours is caused as much by those who fear change as by those who seek revolution"; this humanitarian idealist who, forever glorifying the people, is yet realist enough never to let them fool him.

Why, in the first place, is he a Democrat? North of Baltimore it is not in the best Democratic tradition to be born of wealthy parents at Hyde Park, Dutchess County, New York; to be brought up by French and German governesses, go to Groton School, to Harvard, to the Columbia Law School, to the State Senate from a Republican district, and now to sport both a town house on fashionable East Sixty-Fifth Street and a five-hundred acre country estate with a terraced lawn sweeping down to the Hudson in the best baronial manner. Mr. Roosevelt explains that he is a Democrat because he believes that the composite judgment of the whole people is wiser, more unselfish, more honest, and more idealistic than the dictates of a few master minds. Maybe that's the reason; surely with his temperament he is happier in the Democratic party than he would be in the Republican. But a better reason may be this: he is a Democrat because his father was.

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Contradictory as always (or are his characteristics really but "rich-radical" characteristics throughout?), he respects all the traditions of his family, and breaks all the traditions of his class. The very word "classes" fills him with hate. Yet it is safe to say that the very word "Roosevelt" fills him with pride. As if purposively, to complete his portrait, there stands the fact that he married Anna Eleanor Roosevelt, member of a distant branch of his own family.

The Roosevelts were originally Democrats. Franklin's father, James, like Old Teddy's father, Theodore, entered the Republican party during the Civil War, but, while the latter remained there, the former returned to the Democracy. That would be enough to explain why the Governor is a Democrat to-day. Like father like Franklin. It is quite in the picture that, though Franklin has been a student of naval history since the age of twelve — pictures of ships, models of ships, and books about ships crowd his houses and vie with tree-planting and gentleman farming in general as his favorite hobbies — and though his family seriously considered sending him to Annapolis, he finally went to Groton and Harvard. Roosevelt boys do. It was while visiting two of his sons at exclusive Groton last year that Franklin told how hotly he hated that word "classes."

For a number of years he has been playing John the Baptist for Al Smith of Oliver Street while following his distant cousin, Theodore Roosevelt of Oyster Bay. If, as some say, Al is jealous of Frank, it is not hard to see why. Roosevelt has — and has had — much that Smith has lacked. "A. E. Smith" was an Assemblyman when Roosevelt, the Groton-Harvard graduate, was elected to the State Senate. "When I first knew Alfred E. Smith," says Roosevelt, "he was a politician." Exactly. Nevertheless, Al was always a square-shooter. It was Smith who, as majority leader taking orders from Tammany, warned Roosevelt's little group of Democratic insurgents to stay out of a party caucus whose vote would have bound them, and thus helped them to win their famous fight against Blue-eyed Billy Sheehan, Tammany's candidate for the United States Senate. Again, Roosevelt was suggested for Governor long before Smith; every year since 1914 prominent Democrats have called him an ideal candidate for Governor, Senator, or President. Nor was Smith finally nominated for Governor in 1918 until President Wilson had seen Roosevelt and asked him whether he would run. Finally, Roosevelt carried New York in 1928 when Smith lost it to Hoover, his enormous plurality in 1930 was larger by far than any of Al's, and in 1931 an amendment to the state constitution endorsed by Roosevelt and opposed by Smith was decisively carried in a state-wide referendum.

So there is some reason for Smith to be jealous. There is more for him to be grateful. It was Roosevelt who seconded Smith's nomination for President in 1920, who nominated him in 1924 and again, in the finest political speech of our times, in 1928; Roosevelt who in 1928 endangered his seven-year recovery from the effects of infantile paralysis and ran for Governor in order to help Smith carry New York; Roosevelt who year after year has been Smith's most valuable and devoted friend, follower, adviser, campaign manager, and salesman.

All this time Franklin has been treading in Old Teddy's footsteps. Both went to Harvard. Both were state legislators before they were thirty. Both in their thirties served as Assistant Secretary of the Navy, in which position Franklin taught the sailors to swim while his chief, Josephus Daniels, taught them to dislike lager. Again, both Franklin and Theodore became Governors of New York, both ran for Vice-President — Franklin with Cox in 1920 — and, perhaps it can soon be said, for President as well.

Power, Prohibition, Tammany

Three little words — power, prohibition, Tammany. They will ring in Roosevelt's ears for many a month to come. Many of his intelligent supporters add a fourth in a tone of regret and reproach. It is "pussyfooting." Not to put too fine a point on it, Roosevelt does sometimes pussyfoot. Practically all politicians do so more or less — can you think of three exceptions? They do so because it is irresistibly good politics; because our citizens expect, accept, and reward it in their public men. Look where Mr. Hoover is to-day, look where Mr. Coolidge has been and could be, and look where Mr. Smith is not. From strictly political standards it is well

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enough to give the appearance of boldness and candor, but very easy to overdo boldness and candor themselves. The trouble with Mr. Roosevelt's pussyfooting is that one does not expect it of him, and so it gets talked about by the comparatively few people who talk about such things, though it remains excellent politics none the less. Thinking of him as an idealist, one forgets that he has to be elected. But, really, when you consider how profitable pussyfooting is, the surprising thing is that Roosevelt does not do more of it.

He has done none of it at all on the power issue. On this question, by far the most important during his two terms as Governor, he has been candid, consistent, and victorious. No doubt it lies close to his heart as part of that welfare program in which he is following the lead of Smith. Roosevelt has never ceased to struggle for so-called reform measures since, as editor of the Harvard *Crimson* in the early 1900's, he won his fight to have dormitories equipped with fire escapes. Here he has the hearty support of Mrs. Roosevelt, who once showed herself sufficiently interested to march in a parade of striking paper-box workers.

There is really nothing "radical" in Mr. Roosevelt's position on power. I can find no statement of his advocating that the state take over public utilities in general. What he does stand for is tighter regulation of public utilities where nothing more can be done, state construction and operation of power plants on sites which the utilities have not yet leased, and, finally, the sale of such power to, and its transmission by, private companies, limited by contract with the state in their profits and their rates. He believes in state transmission of power only when it proves impossible to enter suitable contracts with private companies.

Applying these principles to the St. Lawrence power development, he won victories all down the line over a Republican Legislature, which by its stubborn opposition obligingly kept his name before the public. The State, he said, should build and operate the power plants on the St. Lawrence; if possible, it should then sell the power to private companies. That is what is scheduled to be done. An investigating commission appointed by Roosevelt recommended the plan; an operating commission has been appointed by him to carry it out. The Republican Legislature, always unconsciously kind to Democratic Governors, accepted the plan in the end as it might better have done in the beginning. Whether it works well or ill makes little difference as far as the Presidential election is concerned. Roosevelt will be in the White House or the discard before it has had a chance to work at all.

Adopting this moderate middle-of-the road position on power, Roosevelt, I think, has attracted many who are progressive on the issue without estranging many who are conservative on it, always excluding the public utility people themselves, who doubtless will have something to say about him later this year. Whether power is worth much as a political issue is another thing. There was evidence in the 1930 elections that it would be by November, 1932, but who speaks of it today? To what extent the power issue accounts for Roosevelt's 725,000 plurality in 1930 there is no saying. However, one thing is clear: it has won him a great deal of favorable publicity since 1928.

Just as his connection with Tammany has won him a great deal of unfavorable publicity and — trust the Grand Old Party for this — will win him a great deal more. A few months hence the identical Republican spellbinders who have been bemoaning Democratic efforts to "smear Hoover" will be smearing Roosevelt with gusto. The smearing material will come from the complete investigation into the Democratic government of New York City ordered by the Republican-controlled Legislature and now being conducted by a legislative committee, with Samuel Seabury as counsel. As it relates to Roosevelt, the Republican plan is simple. It is to discover and collect all the muck in the municipal government and then somehow to plaster it on the Governor, if by no means more impressive than the assertion that Tammany runs the mucky city and Roosevelt and Tammany have been pretty close.

If you doubt that politics rather than purity was the first objective of the Republican Legislature, note that it stoutly refused to order a similar investigation into Republican cities upstate. Note also that the Legislature could have ordered, and did order, the New York City inquiry a year earlier. But it did

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not want the investigation itself at that time; it wanted to put Roosevelt in a hole. Hence it ordered an inquiry, not by a legislative committee, but by a commission to be appointed by the Governor himself. Roosevelt was to antagonize the "good people" if he vetoed the inquiry and antagonize Tammany if he didn't. Like any self-respecting Governor, Roosevelt used his veto, telling the Republican legislators that, if they wanted an investigation, they could order one of their own. Did he know what he was about? Well, shortly thereafter he was reëlected triumphantly.

The fight over that measure sums up the entire struggle between Roosevelt and the New York Republicans over Tammany. The Republican effort has been to put Roosevelt in a position where he will be damned whatever he does. Roosevelt's policy in these circumstances has certainly been defensible, if far from exhilarating. He has seized neither horn of his dilemma exclusively, but first one and then the other. He has declared himself willing to act on the scandals in New York City, but only in specific cases and only when presented with "specific evidence as to official misconduct." General investigations, he has said, are properly the job of the Legislature.

The Tammany issue was dramatized early in 1930 when United States Attorney Tuttle, later rewarded with the Republican nomination for Governor, exhumed gross evils in the New York City judiciary. Mr. Roosevelt responded by launching, not a complete investigation, but three partial ones, the first into a case of alleged office-buying, the second into the magistrates' courts of Manhattan, and the third into the competence of Tammany's District Attorney, Thomas C. T. Crain. On the recommendation of the investigator, the charges against Mr. Crain were dismissed. Governor Roosevelt has also ordered Thomas M. Farley to answer the charge that he is unfit to be Sheriff of New York County and has censured George A. Harvey for conduct unbecoming a Borough President of Queens. He refused to order a fourth investigation, into charges against Mayor Walker, and no wonder. Even professional Republicans considered these charges too weak for serious consideration.

Now Roosevelt might have done more about the Tammany scandals. If he were an ideal Governor, instead of an excellent but human one, he would have seized upon them as soon as they were unearthed, forgotten the White House, insisted upon a sweeping inquiry, and let the devil take the consequences. But there are no ideal Governors and there won't be any. Plainly, Roosevelt did what it was human to do, what almost anyone else would have done in his position. There he was, anxious to be reëlected Governor in 1930, with the odds against him if he lost Tammany's support. There he was, feeling, no doubt, that Tammany would grin and bear it if he ordered investigations on specific evidence but might have his scalp if he went looking for trouble. There he was, anxious to be nominated for President and elected, with the odds against him should Tammany cut him at the convention or the polls. And there he was with two unanswerable excuses. The first was that there will be a Tammany or its equivalent in New York City long after he is forgotten, since the people of that city find Tammany entirely to their liking, have proved it repeatedly, and probably will prove it again at the next municipal election. The second excuse was that, if Democratic New York City needed investigating, by all the laws of politics it was up to the Republican party, through the Republican-controlled State Legislature, to do the job.

My own objection to his fence-walking does not relate to the Tammany issue, but to prohibition. Though I am satisfied that he has committed himself definitely and irrevocably to the wet side, I am also satisfied that he could have done so earlier and that he could be laying more stress on it right now. Prohibition is obviously a cannon-cracker but, even so, Roosevelt has handled it overcautiously. Is it, perhaps, that his deep interest in welfare measures makes theoretical prohibition, at least, more or less appealing to him?

To be sure, Mr. Roosevelt knows politics and the ways of the people as few other men know them, and he has seen what has happened to other wet candidates for high office. He has seen wets denounce Congressmen who drink wet and vote dry, and then do it themselves. He has seen them, muttering something silly about "Prosperity," run from the wet Smith to the dry Hoover. Finally, he has seen that the one Presidential candidate who has opposed prohibition from the start and on

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every possible occasion, Albert Cabell Ritchie — a toast to him — is now getting little or no support at all. The 844 delegates to the 1928 Democratic national convention who named their favorite Presidential candidates in the poll taken by Jesse Isidor Straus last May gave Ritchie but 39 votes. They gave Roosevelt 478.

Not that Roosevelt's record on prohibition has been particularly evasive. By comparison with Coolidge's, for example, it is a marvel of straightforwardness. The prohibition issue played no great part in Roosevelt's public life until 1928, when he ran for Governor on a platform advocating modification of the Volstead Act and amendment of the Eighteenth Amendment. Thereafter he kept away from the issue until early in 1930, when he refused to state his attitude regarding it on one occasion and stated it ambiguously on another. But in September of that year he came out definitely as a wet and he has been frankly wet in his few public statements on the subject since then. He advocates a new constitutional amendment permitting dry states to be dry, with federal assistance, and wet states to be wet, with local option, assurance against the return of the saloon, and state agencies for the sale of liquor. In short, he is now wet enough for practical purposes. He will deserve the support of all wets, and doubtless fail to get the support of many of them, if he runs against Mr. Hoover in November. Of course the Anti-Salooners and Methodist Boarders will oppose him frantically, in and out of the South.

The Gentleman in Politics

It is a pity that any consideration of Roosevelt must deal so largely with his dodging, but it is also significant. No one can find anything else to say against him, excluding, of course, visionary wets who demand the flat immediate repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment, unteachable drys who want still more of the madness of Volsteadism, and public utility magnates who deplore his tendency to interfere with their yacht-collecting. Roosevelt has nearly everything that a candidate should have. He is unarguably honest. He is able, informed, and experienced; he would fit into the White House quickly and comfortably. He is reasonably cultured; precious few are the Presidential candidates who can speak French fluently and Italian adequately or write the "Happy Warrior" speech he wrote for Smith in 1928. He has innate dignity and decency.

How many practical politicians in Roosevelt's position would scorn to capitalize his devotion to his mother, whose house on Sixty-fifth Street adjoins his own? If you wish to know that he has long pleasant dinners with her on Sundays and doesn't hurry back, no matter who awaits him at home — if you wish to know such things about him, you must discover them for yourself; you will not hear them shouted over nation-wide hook-ups. As for Roosevelt's personal charm, it is a byword. The notion that he is a meek gentleman, worried and battered by blunt politicos, is a delusion. Whoever meets him for the first time must carry away two impressions, one of friendliness, the other of complete self-confidence. And he is still handsome enough to play hob with the lady voters.

If Roosevelt is nominated, he will have but one fundamental handicap. He is a Democrat, and it so happens that there are several million more Republican voters than Democratic voters in the United States. If Mr. Roosevelt's membership in the Democratic party does not prove to be his gratest asset, it may prove to be his greatest liability. That is, it is widely believed that the sovereign voters, having chosen Mr. Hoover partly because of religious bigotry, may hold him personally responsible for the business depression and so depose him largely because of economic ignorance, doing the right thing for the wrong reason. On these grounds Roosevelt as the probable Democratic candidate is supposed to have a better chance of election than any other Democrat has had since 1912. But it is anybody's guess whether the people are not being misjudged. Whether, if Mr. Hoover reconstructs a few more reconstruction corporations and business suddenly revives, the voters will not content themselves with thinking that booze isn't everything, you know, and, really, the Democratic party isn't quite respectable even if Mr. Roosevelt himself is, though as far as that goes Mr. Jones of the Light & Sweetness Co. says Roosevelt's no better than a Bolshevik, and anyhow everyone admits that business is getting better now and Mr. Hoover was so good to the Belgians and so perhaps, after all, we'd better not change Presidents in the middle of the stream.

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Glorifying the Police

by **ERNEST JEROME HOPKINS**

"We need the glorification of policemen. . . . There is a sentimentalism in some people which makes popular heroes out of criminals and which needs replacement by a sentimentalism that makes a popular hero of the policeman. . . . *If* the police had the vigilant, universal backing of public opinion in their communities . . . I am convinced that our police would stamp out the excessive crime and remove the world-wide disrepute which has disgraced some of our great cities."

President Hoover said it, over the radio last October, and a nation of editorial writers proceeded to respond with an unusual degree of agreement. They said, variously: "The 'glorification' of policemen? Sure, we need it! We need few things worse, in this era of unsquelchable crime. Now, if somebody will please tell us how we are going to get it —"

Events have the oddest way of shedding quick light on Hooverian utterances. The above speech was made on October 12, 1931. Four days later, in the Presidential city of Washington, a federal grand jury indicted eighteen policemen — thirteen "harness bulls," three detective sergeants, two detectives — on charges of third-degree brutality. The charges specified beatings inflicted upon arrested men, with fists, clubs, and rubber hose, to make them confess guilt which the police otherwise were presumably unable to prove.

Such a news item may fairly be regarded as an obstacle to popular "glorification." And before ten days had passed, Judge Seabury was bringing out, before the Hofstadter graft-investigating committee in New York City, some grisly cases of elephantiasis of policemen's bank accounts. Even a public that had been hammered on the subject of graft till it was numb, winced a little further when one veteran officer, regarded as a pillar of honesty, couldn't explain the money deposited to his credit in several banks.

Cleveland, too, headed into a municipal election with its police department under fire, both on third-degree charges and an exposure of the "policy racket" and its protection. The voters went against the administration, and the charges were quickly forgotten, but they had done their work in a direction opposite from "glorification." In November, in Los Angeles, a committee of pastors, prominent civic leaders, and officers of the Bar Association laid before Mayor Porter a stringent protest against police violations of constitutional right, including unlawful raids on meetings and general high-handedness.

So it appeared that, if President Hoover's rebuke to the populace for non-support of the cops was founded on fact, as it certainly was, there were at the same time some pretty solid reasons operating to cause the alienation. Several newspapers hinted at this thought editorially; said the influential Baltimore *Sun:* "The American public is willing to support its police, but not until the police have earned its backing." A singularly shameful episode at the end of the year showed, on reflection, how things have gone. Memorial services were held for seventeen policemen killed in New York City during 1931 in the line of duty — a record number for any municipality in a single year. Here was indeed a challenge to our society. Yet no outpouring of public sorrow or indignation was visible; but few citizens were present; press reports were casual and brief. Are we really meeting police heroism and life sacrifice with a shrug? Let foreign bandits kill seventeen marines, and the public shouts for war.

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Chief Gerk of St. Louis, as head of the International Association of Chiefs of Police, spoke before the American Bar Association a few days prior to the Hoover radio address. He brought out strongly the results of this alienation of sentiment, as seen in the culminating stage of the policeman's work — his appearance as a witness in court. "In some of our minor courts the criminal is not prosecuted but protected, and the prosecuting officer and the police placed in the light of unworthy persecutors. . . . Police officers are often scolded, derided, and humiliated by judges during the progress of hearings in courts." Part of the blame Chief Gerk placed upon the "multiplicity of regulatory laws," which "set the officer upon one side and the public ever against him"; which "appear to make the policeman a 'public enemy'" to the over-regulated citizen.

Crime is costing us somewhere in ten figures a year. We want that bill reduced. The heaviest single known item in that huge bill is the municipal outgo for police departments. We want a dollar, not fifty or sixty cents, in value for the taxpayer's dollar expended. Yet success in the practice of police work is peculiarly conditioned by the intangible factor of public support. Perhaps no other activity or industry rests more heavily upon what social psychologists call a "plane of thought." The cop, as you look at him, may seem a self-sufficient and kingly figure, impressively clad, chested, and armed; but at every turn of his work he is unusually dependent upon popular aid and sanction, which ought to be, for best results, of the automatic-reflex type.

Without willing popular assistance, the policeman cannot keep traffic straight, but more — he cannot hear or learn of crimes, cannot trace and arrest the suspects, cannot make valid identifications, cannot produce witnesses or round up lawful evidence. These being the basic necessities of our libertarian scheme of criminal justice, the policeman, lacking cooperation, pays us back by nullifying our traditional rights. He tends to grab the first likely suspect he sees, haul him to the station, and make him incriminate himself — a process flatly forbidden by our Constitution. Let any given law become so unpopular as to be unenforceable, the policeman will tend to take Christmas presents for forgetting that law. We are, in short, rather a voluntary democracy after all, however we may seem on paper to be a republic ruled by delegates. Police work, certainly, can't get along without plenty of constant sanction. And that sanction is being withheld.

The thing becomes more wildly inconsistent in view of the fact that the American expects a miracle of his police. The romantic notion is abroad — policemen themselves have fallen for it, and heavily — that law enforcement, police work, the arrest-trial-punishment system, can really "put down crime." That is a large order, and of course a moment's reflection shows how incredible it is that police, any police, could "put down" or "stamp out" crime. That which is the product of poverty, of unemployment, of prohibition, of lack of education and common sense, of asinine laws which everyone must break, of yesterday's orgy of immigration, of child labor and other callous economic exploitation, of our national heritage of "toughness" and "cockiness," of our prevailing religion of crookedness and chiseling in money matters — yes, of the failure of foreign markets — is no more to be "put down" or "stamped out" by mere policemen than a badly managed bank is to be salvaged by its detective staff. If our disillusion with our police is due to disappointment in this huge matter, then, in all seriousness, we ought to go soak our heads.

Yet we have a General Smedley Butler advising a New Jersey audience that the best remedy for crime is to shoot all the criminals at sight; that "jails ought to be the most horrible places on earth" so people will keep out of them, and that each state should organize a quick-firing light brigade with full power to act. We have a very vocal school of criminology — it finds expression in Baumes laws and in strong-way-with-the-criminal civic associations — demanding that the barn door of society be slammed yet harder against the horse who has escaped.

Since reliance on police work is so excessive, it seems all the more contradictory that we withhold the fundamental factor for an even normal police success. Why, since we expect so much, do we not extend full moral and sentimental, to say nothing of financial, support to the cops? The hunt for the answer brings us into one of the prettiest webs of jarring traditions, emotional countertrends, and political inconsistencies to be found in the whole field of public relations.

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You may find two types of objection urged again and again against our law-enforcement officials — they are given wide publicity in press and survey reports, and the writer heard them uttered from coast to coast in scores of conversations with public officials and citizens, during the Wickersham study. They are these: criticisms based upon police high-handedness, whether outright violence and brutality, overriding of Constitutional rights, or mere discourtesy; criticisms based on inefficiency and the graft and general failure to "get results."

Immediately we encounter the interesting fact that the voicing of these standard criticisms implies a set of public morals, perhaps "ideals," which are affronted. Implied, specifically, are a popular love of honesty, a popular liking for justice as outlined in the Bill of Rights, and of course a general admiration for success. Yet, if a speakeasy proprietor pays a policeman, he has previously been furnished the money by no mean section of the public. If police go to illegal extremes in solving some crime, heated popular demand for solution may be cited in mitigation. And, as said before, popular support would be necessary for success. Well, the analyst of public relations would be somewhat groping here; but a strange dualism, a discrepancy between our acts and our ideals, has been noted by every student of the American mind, and while it may seem grossly unfair in us to censure the policeman for being that which we are ourselves, it may be simply because we want him, as the visible representative of our government, to be better than ourselves. The dishonesty in government always strikes the American as worse than the dishonesty in private business. The brutality in government shocks him more greatly than the brutality in the prize ring, the gang fight, or, perhaps, in crime itself. "This concern isn't run right," says the American, of his particular line of work; but when he says it of his city hall he shows a greater contempt. Our somewhat furious current cynicism about government and all things governmental is probably traceable, at bottom, to the democracy complex and our latent idealization of government. The extraordinary things we have asked government to do may go back to the same mental root.

At all events, we do like policemen who hold us in line — who balk our own strenuous attempts to pull them down. A Texan said with admiration: "We wanted to lynch the fellow, but, by God, the Rangers wouldn't let us!" Chicago enriched and for a time "glorified" the beer gangsters, but to-day is renewing its faith in the police under a Commissioner known for his honesty. Cincinnati, anything but radically minded, praised its city manager for restoring free speech and free assemblage rights. In San Francisco and other cities, automatic traffic courts which ended the "squaring" evil have improved public sentiment toward the police. And, in short, you can pile up the indications that, however the citizen may seek to chisel off a little special privilege and take an occasional excursion into lawlessness himself, he deeply admires the official who "shoots square" and won't let him get away with it. That which may appear to be popular tolerance of graft, brutality, and stupidity in office turns to resentment at unexpected times — as politicians know.

It is possible, then, to define the policeman who would be publicly "glorified" as a man upright enough, wise enough, and strong enough to enforce laws evenly, resist corruption, and tell the influential "fixer" where to head in; courageous enough to be not only active, but restrained within the limits of our fundamental law and respectful of citizens' rights; clever enough to solve crimes within that law, avoiding false arrest, false imprisonment, and the third degree and replacing them by lawful evidence legally gathered and presented in court. And humorous enough not to think that he is king or that he can, by any excess of his authority, "cure crime." Now, this is quite a man. Under what conditions might we develop such men and put them into uniform?

Police Mentality

Chief (or Professor) August Vollmer, and his assistants, David G. Monroe and Earle W. Garrett of the University of Chicago, informed the Wickersham Commission that about 60 per cent of American policemen had never entered high school. Such a lack of education need not imply ineducability; it certainly does imply an absence of previous training in law, standards of citizenship, and power of analysis. It was found that the educational record of the officers was indistinguishable from that of the rank and file, promotions following the course of political preferment quite

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often, and all officers "rising from the ranks."

Ineducability, however, was also found. Some mental tests of whole police departments have indicated a condition not superior to that which was found in the famous tests of army draftees. On a rating of 120 as the "passing grade," with a score of 212 possible, the Los Angeles, Minneapolis, Kansas City, and Cleveland departments were found to be, respectively, 73, 74, 82, and 83 per cent unfit. (By the same test, only 9 per cent of the freshmen of the University of California failed to attain the score of 120.) "Here," said the report, "is probably the reason that we have the uncouth, sharp-tongued officer who creates a furious antipathy against all law-enforcement officials." The connection between the education and fundamental intelligence of the policeman, and the problem of his "glorification" by the public, in that sentence is expressly recognized.

Now, ambition is a laudable trait, and no possible criticism can be brought against the youth, however ill-qualified, who aspires to the privileged status of policeman. Low as the wages are, a job "on the Force" has attractive features not possessed by truck-driving, lugging cakes of ice, or preliminary boxing. The onus of the blame falls upon those who give him his job in the first place, and keep him in it in the face of well-demonstrated unfitness after that. And here, to mix our metaphors, we must tread squarely on the toes of the great American Sacred Cow — the institution beloved of all who, through structure merely, seek reform. The municipal civil service.

Let it be emphasized that police chiefs and police officers do not hire their own men. And they cannot freely fire them. This is all done for the departments by the boards or commissions which were installed, and clothed with singular power, in city after city as the result of the outcry against the "spoils system." No doubt the "spoils system" was a very nefarious thing. But at least its highly political workings could be seen. What the reformers seemed to have overlooked was the obvious fact that a civil service commission is itself politically appointed, and that the technic of the college professor who "eases up" on a football player in an examination can become the best of all devices for perpetuating machine control. My criticisms of civil service are wholly confined to the selection, examination, and retention in office of police material: the civil service principle is no doubt right, but in its application to police departments it has in many cities failed ridiculously. The turnover of men has not brought progressive improvement, but usually the reverse. The facts cited above, as to education and mental ratings of policemen, dealt with men who had been *passed, as qualified, by civil service boards*. Principle or none, there are the fruits.

I suspect the next general muckraking of municipal government will center upon the civil service boards, as it did upon the "spoils system" in the past. And it seems certain that, if we are ever to get policemen of the required sort, the civil service tests will have to be stiff, gradings sincere, the "friendly word" from political satraps eliminated, and civil service itself raised out of its hyprocrisy and made something else besides the personnel department of the political machine. How to do it, I don't know — watchfulness by press and public seems the key.

There is some training *after* men are hired. That is, seventy-eight cities have some form of police school; in fifteen, they are worthy of respect. In six cities, the training lasts six months; in twelve cities, three months; in the others, less. Curricula vary; outstanding is the fact that senior policemen, rather than citizens from without, are the instructors. Whether the relatively young movement for police training is to bring real progress, or perpetuate present trends, is still to be decided. For the work required under our laws, two years of training would not be more than adequate.

As to the training of daily discipline, it is often severe — as to minor infractions! Lateness, unshined shoes, use of a department motorcycle for pleasure purposes, may be found in the disciplinary records to have received about the same sort of penalty as violating some citizen's constitutional rights; and the offenses that are the worst from the public point of view — graft, street brutality, the third degree, unfairness in making arrests and presenting evidence — are precisely the ones most apt to be condoned by the disciplinary boards. I went to some pains to find out what had happened to the detectives, in certain cases where third-degree charges had been proved to the hilt, accepted by state supreme courts, and made the basis for reversal of

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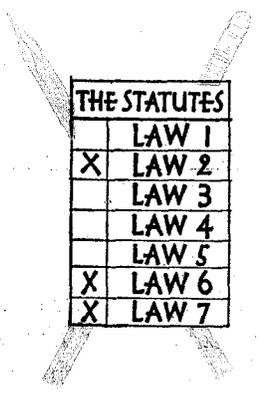
conviction. Nothing had happened. They were still on the job, in good standing in their departments. Yet the typical instance of the third degree violates nine basal constitutional guarantees, including every fundamental right of the citizen dwelling under our law. This blindness of police disciplinary authorities to the very nature of our government also bears directly upon the public-relations situation of which the President, and the police, complain.

We come, finally, to the splendid figure of the Chief of Police. He, at least, is in the limelight. When things go well, he is praised; when things go wrong, he is the scapegoat and his removal satisfies the people that all will be well. Yet a pretty good case could be made for the statement that he is actually less influential, in department affairs, than the civil service commission or the trial board. The report which I have cited makes much of the sad fact that in cities of 500,000 and over, the chief's average tenure of office is only 2.41 years. Obviously nothing really reformative can be done, under the abnormal restrictions, in that time. And the chief himself is either a case-hardened cop, sickened with too much knowledge of good and evil, or a civilian amateur, who must learn his work by trial-and-error and is due to be yet more sickened in the process. In either case, the popular impression of his real power is greatly exaggerated. There is the civil service. There is the law. There is the particular mess he inherits from his predecessor. There is the sheer difficulty of the work. And there is politics — he himself is a political appointee, representing the law and the public only vaguely; representing, concretely, the crowd that runs the city and has put him where he is.



So we reach the thoroughly trite and timeworn truism that it all goes back to politics — the selection of men, their discipline, the influences that mold their work. And it grows clear that if we don't and can't "glorify" the policeman, it is because the municipal political set-up of which he is the visible expression and all-important arm is, beyond him, a thing past glorification. This conclusion checks up in the positive, too — Milwaukee's Socialist administration is clean and good, Milwaukee's police are efficient and admired; Cincinnati's new city management régime is efficient and sensible, Cincinnati's police force has a new-found popularity; Boston's commissioner of police is a state appointee and the men are chosen by state examination — Boston's police force isn't "glorified," but it is strongly liked and well toward the top. Conclusion: To get the glorifiable cop, get a glorifiable city régime and keep it there. Meanwhile we get what we deserve: the penalty of apathy, of voters' refusal to use the broom.

Our Tyrannical Laws

But suppose we did it — suppose we demanded, and got, the policeman who fills and does not overfill his job; who takes no graft, swerves to no influence; who respects individual liberties, keeps constitutionality intact, forgets neither any statute on the one hand, nor any rule of basic justice on the other; who expertly pursues suspects, gathers evidence competently, presents it well; who does his full duty impersonally, as the very embodiment of the law of his city, state, and nation.

What then? Would we "glorify" that impeccable cop?

I dare say we would respect him a great deal more than is common at present. But there would be a revolution. For we would, at last, be brought face to face with the inhuman restraints and unbearable oppressions and tyrannies written on our statute books as penal law.

Our faith in prisons has expressed itself miraculously. The only thing that saves the situation at all is the weakness of the enforcing arm. Strengthen it, and we'd see.

Anti-sex laws, anti-petting laws, anti-dancing laws. Anti-yeast-germ laws, and laws against all products, receptacles, and fruits of that ancient process, fermentation. Laws against going too slow and going too fast and making noises and keeping roosters that crow and wearing bathing suits with loose shoulder straps and taking chances in guessing games and reading some books and seeing some plays and following some trends of economics and thinking some thoughts. An average city has between one thousand and fifteen hundred laws under which a policeman can arrest you and send you to jail. You probably broke

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several of them this morning. Given perfect enforcement, fifteen thousand men and women who were divorced in New York State last year would now be serving sentences for adultery, a felony; and eight million unemployed would be in county jails all over the country as having no visible means of support.

Graft itself, under our personal-conduct laws and nuisance laws and "catch" laws, becomes a human means of escape from our own penal codes. Official laxity affronts the public sense of what is right. But official laxity is what keeps most of us out of prison. So there is the policeman's dilemma. Either he "lays off" and is attacked by church-state groups and becomes known to the public as an insincere politician; or he "lays on" and becomes a tyrant invading every angle of personal and individual life.

Usually, in practice, he hits an in-between course, using the unpopular laws for occasional tripping-up purposes. Neither the extremes nor the compromises allow him to be an object of popular "glorification." As long as our statutes embody the idea that the parent and teacher and writer and preacher are replaceable by the nightstick and revolver and barred cell and striped suit, the sanction extended by the public to the individual policeman will be qualified by our deep-seated, instinctive revolt against the hypocrisy, written into law, for which he stands — and for which we ourselves are responsible.

Build up the policeman to measure with his job. Then pare down the job to fit the public's actual desire. Then "sentimentalism" might be possible — but it wouldn't be sentimentalism. It would be the genuine respect of citizens for a proper government and its decrees.

Why a Liberal Party?

by **JOHN T. FLYNN**

THE LIBERALS, whose home is in the wilderness, are as usual in search of a Moses. The desperation of this search was revealed many months ago when Dr. John Dewey appealed to Senator Norris of Nebraska to accept the rôle of deliverer. What a tragedy it would have been if Senator Norris had accepted and then as all the liberals began their march across the desert toward the Promised Land they should have looked up to discover that the good Senator was not such a liberal after all, but perhaps just an old-fashioned conservative, for the moment at war with his fellow conservatives.

I do not say that Senator Norris is not a liberal. But I am sure he is not the same kind of liberal as Dr. Dewey. And after all, it is nothing new for liberals to discover that their leaders are just thinly veneered conservatives. Perhaps the most tragic instance was the case of Charles Evans Hughes. How the nomination of Hughes was hailed by the self-styled liberal and progressive elements in the Grand Old Party! He was the true intellectual liberal, or so we were assured, until he made his first campaign speech. In a world torn by the eternal struggle between reaction and liberalism, the one phenomenon which stirred the

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soul of Mr. Hughes in his initial campaign address was the dishonesty and inefficiency of some third-class official in some small provincial bureau. Andy Mellon might have opened his campaign in the same speech.

Mr. Hughes had made a heroic figure assaulting the insurance grafters in 1903. His admirers failed to perceive that this was not necessarily the act of a liberal. It was the natural reaction of an honest conservative soul in love with order against crookedness and disorder. Von Bethman Holweg might have carried on those insurance fights. But the liberals persisted in making the old mistake of confusing a liberal and a reformer.

The history of liberal movements is a history of lost leaders. And when the leader departs, the deserted liberals mutter suspicions in their beards and utter Browning's lament about the handful of silver and the "ribbon to stick in his coat." But very often it is not the handful of silver or the ribbon which produces these apostasies. There comes a moment when the leader, looking himself over, perceives through the cracks in the varnish the solid blue substances of his conservatism underneath. The remorseless and inevitable pressure of events, shuffling and reshuffling leaders, throws the miscast Gladstone back into the conservative deck where he belongs and from which he should never have strayed. Somehow we have a way of supposing that a Pennsylvania Grundy fighting for a government subsidy *via* the tariff route for the Manufacturers' Association is a Tory, but a Norris fighting for a subsidy for wheat growers *via* the equalization fee is a liberal.

Everybody believes himself a liberal. Who knows but Calvin Coolidge fondly imagines there is a great liberal hibernating in Northampton? It is quite possible that if Dr. Dewey and Senator Norris were to take their stand on Capitol Hill and, like a pair of Gabriels, summon all liberals to fall in line, all the lofty gentlemen in the great building on the hill, of all parties, would answer the trumpet — the members of the Supreme Court, all the members of both houses, with Senator Fess and Chief Justice Hughes at the head of the column. Perhaps an exalted personage at the other end of the Avenue would lead Andy Mellon and Dr. Wilbur and all his power commission and tariff commission appointees confidently into the front line of the parade.

The elder LaFollette was probably the only statesman of our own day who admitted that he was a conservative. Nobody believed him, and it is possible that he did not really believe himself. Justice Oliver Wendell Holmes has suddenly become a great liberal lawgiver. Prohibition has fooled even Nicholas Murray Butler. The wets call him a liberal, and he has pinned the label on himself by way of the title of one of his books. The last political party openly to proclaim itself conservative was the Whigs, and that was the year it died.

The Need for New Labels

All of which brings to the front the more or less pressing need we have in this generation of a general political relabeling, a sort of mass reclassification of political leaders, with the Tories, the moderate conservatives, the liberals, the radicals, and the Reds of all tints in their proper pigeonholes. This work would have to be undertaken by a kind of census-taking combination of Torquemada and Socrates, equipped with a rack and an unlimited power of cross-examination.

Experience seems to have for us one other lesson, and that is that one of the most futile of all performances is the formation of liberal parties. Liberal parties do, of course, somehow get formed at intervals. Indeed, there is always a liberal party of some sort floating about on the edges of politics, if it is only the Know-Nothings prating about "civil and religious liberty," or the Communists clamoring for the dictatorship of the proletariat. Labels on parties are at least as open to suspicion as the labels on patent medicines. True liberal parties — that is, parties composed of liberals — seldom exist. Yet in spite of that, the cause of liberalism somehow advances. Liberals may well ponder why. After this they may seriously ask if perhaps there is not some better way of hastening the adoption of liberal measures than the formation of political parties.

After all, what is a liberal? We are constantly confusing the liberals with the reformers, the progressives, and the radicals. Perhaps no one of these words has done more to obfuscate the meaning of liberalism than the word reform. It is probably true that never were a larger number of hard-shelled conservatives collected under one banner than were united under the

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name of reform in the mighty push launched to oust Tweed and his legion from New York City. In politics the reformer is always engaged in the perennial pastime of "driving the rascals out." He is not infrequently one who believes that corruption in political life is interfering with "the best business interests" of the city. One of the richest fields for recruiting reformers is the Chamber of Commerce. The reformer is one who is indignant at the state of the country. The state of the country which arouses his indignation may be a condition of liberalism which revolts the soul of the solid reactionary. The cafés of Paris and London and New York are well patronized by noble émigrés who are sighing for reform in Russia.

The progressive is something else again. He is for progressing — taking a step forward literally. No American has to be told what Progress with a big P means in an American city. There are no progressives more vociferous than our real estate men. The Rotary Club, the Lions, and the Kiwanians — these are all Simon-pure progressives.

Our first great progressive was Alexander Hamilton. We have but to look at the people who surrounded the great Bull Moose to understand just what a progressive is. There was Hiram Johnson, who was a reformer fighting Southern Pacific political corruption before he was a progressive urging Japanese exclusion, citrus tariffs, and battling the League of Nations and the World Court shoulder to shoulder with Warren Harding of sainted memory. There were Gifford Pinchot and Albert Beveridge.

I saw and heard Beveridge in his maiden oratorical effort in the United States Senate as he stood in the center aisle demanding that we keep the Philippine Islands, holding aloft a nugget of gold with the same grandiose gesture with which Edmund Burke brandished a dagger in the Commons. "This," he exclaimed, "I picked up on the ground in one of these islands. There are thousands of others lying about." When Beveridge concluded, the venerable Senator Hoar rose in silence. Then he made the shortest speech in the annals of the Senate. He said simply: "The Devil taketh him up into an exceedingly high mountain and showeth him all the kingdoms of the world and the glory of them and sayeth unto him: All these things will be thine if thou wilt fall down and worship me." Senator Carmack of Tennessee, whose rapierlike tongue later got him murdered by a former governor of his native state, said to me the next day: "That is an excellent characterization of a progressive — he is a high-mountain man. He is a man who can see the country around and the goodness of it and can work up an appetite for it."

One might suppose that the true progressive is he who yearns after spiritual progress. It really does make a difference what objective a man is progressing toward. As a rule there are very few liberals among progressives. A progressive is a man with a program. One of Roosevelt's literary followers said that a liberal was a person with strong convictions. He had confused the words liberal and progressive. Progressives are almost always makers of or followers of cults. They have a fiery impatience to put them into effect. Women politicians and reformers are progressives. They become aware of evils in the morning, fabricate remedies for them by night, and are eager to see them in effect the following daybreak. Clarence True Wilson and Scott McBride were progressives before their beloved Eighteenth Amendment was spawned. Now, of course, they have relapsed into conservatism. Stalin is a progressive. So is Kemal Pasha. Most Socialists are progressives. So are all schematic philosophers — social architects who have brand-new molds into which they propose to pour society. Progressives make Five-Year Plans, pass anti-trust laws, prohibition laws, set up national and industrial dictatorships.

Of course, always there is the radical. And at this moment there is the Red, radicalism having paled to something weak and watery and respectable. The greatest service the American soap-box, police-baiting Communist has rendered has been to the radical. He has furnished a brilliant and flaming vermilion backdrop against which the radical may stand and give off the appearance of a more or less somber hue. But the radical is not only not necessarily a liberal. He is almost never one. He too is a man of programs, burning for the adoption of them. He may even be a violent Tory. It was radicals who after the Civil War crucified one of the few liberal Presidents the country has ever known — Andrew Johnson. Thaddeus Stevens would have pilloried Abraham Lincoln with as easy a conscience as he did Johnson.

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Farther South it was the radicals who came with their carpetbags.

To-day we call some of the radicals Reds. Some nineteen hundred years ago they were the Christians. People call Mr. Stuart Chase a radical, who seems to be in favor of some sort of counter industrial revolution and has lately taken to exploiting the virtues of the primitive handicraft economy of a Mexican village. They also call Stalin a radical, who is trying to take Russia by the nape of the neck out of its handicraft villages and thrust it into highly mechanized factories. William J. Bryan was the radical of 1896. He died in a decade which put him down as an old fogy. But the man had never changed. Only his background had changed. The radicals of Cromwell, the radicals of the Mountain, the radicals of Reconstruction, the radicals of Russia — one would have to rake through them all with a fine-toothed comb to find a true liberal.

Liberalism — A Character of Mind

Progressives, radicals, reformers — these groups may form political parties, however evanescent. Liberals cannot. What then is a liberal and who are our liberals?

A man is not a liberal because he is a member of a liberal party. The Democratic party likes to think of itself as the party of liberalism in this country — the Democratic party which is still the shelter of the Bourbons of the old South, which has been led by Grover Cleveland and Arthur Pugh Gorman and David B. Hill; by Alton B. Parker and Tom Taggart and August Belmont; by John W. Davis and Clem Shaver; which is represented in the Senate by the Simmonses and Glasses and Georges and Heflins and Broussards and Shepherds and in the House by what is perhaps the most illiberal group of statesmen ever collected together on a parliamentary pay roll.

As a matter of fact, American liberal leaders have not cut a very gallant figure beside their English contemporaries. In America Roosevelt is still looked upon as the great modern liberal. Tom Platt could even call him a radical of far too "liberal, altruistic views." Roosevelt looked upon himself as the champion of "social justice and popular rule." But compare his career with that of the liberal Herbert Asquith. Asquith was the champion of free trade. He inaugurated old-age pensions a quarter of a century before American statesmen began even to discuss them. He forced the curtailment of the Lords' veto, the miners' minimum wage bill, home rule for Ireland, employers' liability, and the Factory bill.

Roosevelt's career, in its most favorable aspects, was merely a battle against corruption, not against a system. He had been a law-and-order man in the Bad Lands of Dakota. In the legislature even his own friends admitted that he showed little interest in any great social movements. As governor he reformed the administration of the canals; he favored the merit system, forest preservation, protection of wild life, and the guarantee of food products. His battles with big business were fights on dishonesty, not reaction. He believed in a strong foreign policy, a strong army and navy, in military conscription; his advisers and confidants were Henry Cabot Lodge and William Howard Taft and Elihu Root. He was an idealistic pragmatist — an opportunist shaking his fist at Mexico one minute and advocating the recall of judicial decisions the next.

After all, liberalism is not so much a collection of beliefs as a character of the mind. It is not far removed from tolerance — not necessarily tolerance for men but for ideas. It need not leap at them because they are new and novel, though this may be a weakness into which the liberal may fall. His most important quality must be a willingness to examine the ideas of other men and to reëxamine his own. Bishop Manning revealed himself at the other end of the pole when he forbade his clergy to so much as listen to Judge Lindsey. The Roman Catholic Church is almost alone the only honest organization in its professions about liberalism. It hates the word and frankly says so. It holds that every essential question of religion has been settled these two thousand years.

The chief foe of liberalism is orthodoxy. And that is why a liberal with too many solid convictions resolutely held is likely to get into trouble, the most serious one being the loss of his liberalism. The liberal rebels against fixed and worshiped formulas. He refuses to permit his mind to run helplessly, towed by tradition and creeds, in the fixed channels of settled beliefs. But having abandoned old formulas, he finds it difficult to resist setting up counter formulas. We have a curious doctrine in

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America, a gift from scholastic philosophy — that he who opposes one doctrine or remedy must propose one that is better. The physician who resists disemboweling a man as a cure of cancer may be told by the quack who proposes it that he has no right to object unless he can himself propose some better remedy. The fact that no way of curing cancer has yet been discovered seems not to affect the validity of this argument.

Dr. Clarence True Wilson is opposed to a referendum on prohibition unless the objectors to prohibition suggest some alternative way of ending the liquor evil. The fact that there may be as yet no known cure for the liquor evil makes no difference to Dr. Wilson. So the liberal often easily enough yields to the demand for some new prescription to replace the one which he abandons. And thus having begun by hating one bad formula, he ends by worshiping another of his own invention. He gets up a new orthodoxy. Then we get that incongruous hybrid, orthodox-liberalism.

I would not conclude from all this that the liberal can have no settled views. But those that are settled will be quite few and simple. He will believe, not as some like to put it, in the dignity of the individual, but in his right to free development. He will probably believe, at least in the present state of our political knowledge, in the wisest possible participation of the masses in the control of their own affairs. He will think this not because he thinks, with Abraham Lincoln, that God loves the common people, not because he supposes the people are always right, but because he thinks they have a right to rule themselves.

The liberal usually understands that the progress of the race to high standards is slow and that, while we await its arrival on higher levels, life must be lived on the level along which we travel. Some degree of patience will therefore characterize the liberal, at least while he is in the liberal mood. For after all, it is too much to hope that every mind will be liberal all the time. If one can maintain a kind of disposition toward liberal views, rise to the ideals of his liberalism at important moments; if he will be occasionally a liberal, or better, a liberal most of the time, that will be the most we can expect.

As a matter of fact, America has suffered sadly for the want of liberal leaders. The leaders have not led. They have been pushed forward by the force of the mass behind them. Liberal leadership in America has remained more or less stationary — bogged at that point to which Jefferson led it, trapped in the axioms of the physiocrats and the economic philosophy of Adam Smith. The doctrine of *laissez faire, laissez passer, le monde va tout le monde*, which characterized the whole outlook of the early nineteenth-century liberalism, got its most devoted worship in America where, by the force of conditions, the ideal of individualism became a kind of religion. And so liberal leaders to-day, over whose heads apparently the economic flood of the last forty years has flowed unnoticed, go on talking about individualism in terms of Adam Smith and Jefferson.

Our Tory Masses

When I say that the motive power in American liberalism has come from the push of the mass behind rather than the pull from the leaders out in front, I do not mean to aver that the masses of the people are liberals. This is a favorite notion. Nothing could be more foolish than to suppose either that the people are liberal or that they are always right. It might be nearer to the truth to say that the people are almost always wrong. Thus Dr. Stockman, in Ibsen's *Enemy of the People*, said the people were always against new ideas, that they never began to attach themselves to an idea until it had begun to be an old idea, and that they arrived at the point of taking it up when it was in the way of ceasing to be the truth.

One may quarrel with the absolute accuracy of this conceit without rejecting altogether its implied truth. The people are essentially conservative. They are born Tories. Upon occasion they will be found supporting the objectives of the liberal, but they are far from acting upon liberal motives. Rather they catch a sudden glimpse of their personal interests and advantage in the liberal program and then each proletarian acts, like a true conservative, to aggrandize himself. The slave battling to strike off his chains is not necessarily a liberal. Our old characterization of the politician as a man of the people does not necessarily paint the portrait of a liberal. The more he is like the people, the less he is likely to be a liberal; though if he be a true liberal, a certain spiritual touch with the masses may add poignancy and

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effectiveness to his liberalism.

The push for liberalism from the masses in this country has come from the fact that the masses have been truly powerful. Their political emancipation is complete. Though they may choose to abandon the exercise of their power most of the time, it is always there. And as the objective of it, liberalism, is usually in the direction of conferring more and more political power upon the masses, abolishing more and more the limitations upon their opportunities for free development, so it happens that these Tory masses have at intervals begun at first to murmur and then to demand these rights. And so we have found the conservatism of the leaders in both parties yielding ground before the advancing columns of the masses demanding power.

Now we are arrived at a point where the masses are very much confused. The historic rôle of liberalism has been the extension of universal suffrage and of course, along with it, the invention of the political devices for making that suffrage effective. In this country and to a large extent in England the historic rôle of liberalism has been pretty much played out. The leaders of liberalism belong to that old and now completed phase of liberalism. The next phase is not so clear. It is particularly not so clear to the masses. The rôle of liberalism is now transferred from the political to the economic stage. Liberalism in this country can no longer depend upon getting its impulses from the rear. It is in need of informed leadership.

The meaning and implications of this coming era the old liberal apparently does not understand. He is still talking about individualism. His conception of individualism is the right of the citizen to be a small merchant or an even less successful small mill owner. That kind of individualism is gone forever. Individualism need not mean the right to run one's own business. That is a form of individualism which has been open to only a small fraction of a per cent of the population for many decades. And that element of the population which has enjoyed the freest expression of that kind of individualism is not, if I may be permitted to say so, the finest flower of our modern civilization. I refuse to believe that our storekeepers express us at our best.

Economically we are all employees. We shall have to come to recognize that as a continuing condition. Now the rôle of liberalism in this highly organized corporate society of ours will be to find the place for the individual, to relate him to this society without destroying his individualism, to shape conditions under which the physical, spiritual, intellectual, political, social, and economic well-being and happiness and freedom of the individual can be best developed. A man does not cease to be free because he is a part of an organized state; because he is not an independent potentate or petty official or an untrammeled savage. He need not lose his individual freedom in the economic state because he does not own his own store or operate his own shop.

But we will have to make some changes — perhaps many changes — in our present economic structure before this will be assured. The fight which the liberals made for political emancipation must be waged all over again, but the scene of the struggle must be transferred to the industrial world. This battle cannot be won by destroying the present highly organized system. Liberals must recognize the new turn in affairs. They must stop talking about the old individualism, as Dr. Dewey has very wisely observed, and begin talking about the problem of the new individualism. They must understand that the world does not go best when it is left alone, as those early French individualists preached. They must understand that the doctrine of *laissez-faire* is now the gospel of the reactionary. But they do not fully understand it yet. Indeed, it can hardly be said that anyone understands the matter very clearly. And, that being true, the cause of liberalism is not in a condition around which to build a liberal party.

Liberals must resort to the processes of education and propaganda and discussion. And if there are any liberals in the two existing parties, instead of withdrawing them, as Dr. Dewey proposed, in the name of the gods of liberalism, leave them there! Gladstone said conservatism is a distrust of the people tempered by fear. The liberals in these two parties supply the fear element. As for the whole cause of liberalism, when we get it straightened out a little better, it will be advanced, as it has always been, not by a liberal party, but first by one conservative party and then another, as the shifting interests and exigencies of practical politics identify the interests of these parties in turn with liberal policies.

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These Missionaries

by **HENRIETTA OTIS SHAW**

I

We were standing on the deck of the boat that was to carry us to China. Suddenly a surge of harmony arose from the wharf as a hundred voices burst into the familiar hymn, "Where He Leads Me I Will Follow." Looking down we saw a group of men, women, and children with their rapt gaze fixed on the tourist deck, each singing lustily. The song ended, and at the signal of a young fellow with an accordion they launched without hesitation into "Jesus, Lover of My Soul." Hymn after hymn they sang.

The angelic face of a young girl caught my attention. The tears were streaming down her cheeks and I wondered what vision was hers. What cloud of glory enveloped those four rather commonplace young people on the tourist deck? By making the voluntary sacrifice of breaking home ties and going into a far country to convert the heathen, did they now stand apart as something precious and sanctified? For a moment, under the spell of the swelling rhythm, my own eyes blurred; irrationally enough, as my daughter and I were bound on a happy adventure, being about to join the husband and father from whom we had been too long separated. "A bunch of Holy Rollers come down to give a send-off to some missionaries," said someone.

Now it happened that I had lately acquired an interest in missionaries that was more than academic. In China we were to live in a city in which they composed almost the entire foreign colony. Accepting the group on the tourist deck as probably typical of our future associates, I shall not deny that I faced the prospect with some apprehension.

It was therefore with a pleasant shock that I learned as the voyage progressed that a well-dressed, distinguished-looking couple to whom I found myself attracted were also missionaries. Before the trip ended I gained further information regarding them; I found that they were both associated with a college at Kyoto, that they were Congregationalists, that the husband had a command of the Japanese language rarely attained by a foreigner, and that his wife played an excellent game of bridge. A few days later another surprise awaited me. While making the eleven-times-around-the-deck-before-breakfast, a red-headed, likable youngster caught up with me and adapted his step to mine. I had noticed him as good at games and not averse to a moderate patronage of the ship's bar. He told me he was going as a Jesuit missionary to teach in Pekin.

For me the plot was thickening, nor was the issue made more clear by the contribution of a pretty girl who was accompanying her husband to Australia on a business trip. "Last time we went across," she said, "the captain of our boat was talking about missionaries. He said that they go out without a cent, and come back loaded down with all sorts of perfectly beautiful things. He hadn't a bit of use for them."

Now as a little girl in the eighties I had idealized missionaries. I pictured them as living in rude thatched huts in something mysteriously called a "compound"; I saw them moving among strange people known as "natives" who sometimes grew angry and threatened to kill and perhaps eat them; I saw them calm and self-possessed and saintly, telling the natives over and over about the Bible, with the happy outcome that the natives thereafter abstained from throwing their babies to the crocodiles.

The geographies of the period aided in giving clearness and detail to the picture. They asserted that the human race was divided into five classes: "White, Black, Brown, Red, and Yellow." (This seemed to me a pleasantly colorful way of differentiation; later I suffered keen disappointment on finding that, at least in the case of the Red and Yellow races, nature

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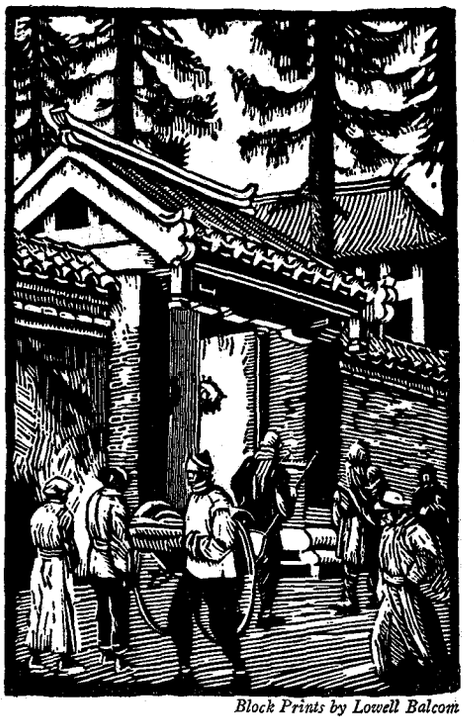
had dipped her brush into pigments less vivid than I had been led to expect.) "Of course," the book complacently continued, "the White race is supreme." The outlandish customs and amusing religious practices of the other four were then described. It seemed to me only right that such of the White race as could reasonably do so should set about correcting these idiosyncrasies.

So it is little wonder that when my teacher, inspired by the curiosity that did sometimes assail educators even before the day of the questionnaire, passed around slips of paper with instructions that each child write down what he or she wished to be when grown up, I smugly inscribed "missionary."



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However, during high-school years the ambition languished, then died. And if, as the years went on, I did not precisely believe the missionary in *Rain* to be typical — the male, unctuous in ill-fitting coat and with bulging umbrella; the female, severe in common-sense shoes, sailor hat, and with an armful of tracts — I did hold to the conviction, in common with most of my acquaintances, that missionaries as a whole were wrong-headed, narrow-minded enthusiasts whose spiritual home was rural Tennessee.

II

MY HUSBAND, an engineer by profession and temperament, says it with graphs. His training has fostered his native horror of overstatement, and his letters are, with fine restraint, concocted from five parts of speech; he considers adjectives, adverbs, and interjections slightly immoral. I knew from these letters that the only house available to us was a mission home, and that our only foreign neighbors would be two unmarried women-missionaries who occupied the other house in the compound. I remembered the stories I had read of the privations of a missionary's life, privations which it appeared I was presently to share, but having roughed it before, I resolved to take what came with cheerful courage.

At our journey's end, our happy reunion effected, there was nothing in our progress through the treeless, tortuous canyons that form the streets of an old Chinese city to dispel the slight dread which tinged my curiosity. Presently our family cavalcade halted before a huge wooden gate set in a high, blank wall. The gate was opened and we walked — straight into Paradise.

At least so it seemed to me then, so sharp was the contrast of reality with the picture I had conjured up. And, indeed, after months of residence I still find it charming. On that day the thousands of lilies that bordered the spacious lawns were blooming a frantic welcome, but now the daffodils are out and the peach trees are in blossom. The garden is full of lovely things: trees and shrubs and flowers, and behind a concealing hedge are ample vegetable and strawberry beds. Surrounding the compound and keeping out the confusion of the Orient is a high, ivy-covered wall.

We found the house to be a roomy structure of white stucco with a pleasing acreage of screened porch both upstairs and down. Investigation revealed that it contained a reception hall, two drawing-rooms, dining room, study, butlery, kitchen, four bedrooms, closets, two baths, attic, and servants' quarters; an enumeration which any realtor might be proud to list.

That evening, when in response to the invitation of our cordial neighbors we walked through the archway in the low wall that separates their garden from ours, we found a house and surroundings not identical with, but similar to, our own. It was simply but comfortably furnished, and a most appetizing meal was served us by a Chinese woman. Had I followed precedent, I should then and there have rushed to my typewriter and added my quota of criticism on the easy lot of the missionary. I do not know whether you who read share the astonishment I felt when I learned so

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dramatically in what comparatively luxurious quarters missionaries carry on their work. I do believe, however, that there is widespread ignorance regarding this group of organizations, which is comparable in the aggregate to the Standard Oil Company.

I am confirmed in this conviction by a recent conversation with one of my new missionary friends. We were resting on the hillside looking across a narrow valley at the colorful pageant at Lin Yin Temple. Her husband had brought us with him in their car to view an important mass for the dead, as he wished to make some moving pictures for the "home church." We had heard the red-robed priests intoning before great gold images, we had watched them burning silver money in the courtyard for the enrichment of their dead, we had thrilled to the music of the deep-toned temple bells, and had breathed in pungent romance. Color, sound, and fragrance had beaten all day against our senses, and now we were tired.

We spoke of the beauty of the scene and of how we wished that those at home might share it with us. "My friends there understand so little of what my life here is like," she said. "Even when I tell them about it, they don't believe me. They would, I think, if I were to tell them that I live on dirt floors and am in constant danger of smallpox; they would like to believe that. Not that I blame them. Why, when I first saw the compound where I was to live, I cried."

"Was it so very bad?" I asked.

"Oh, no, on the contrary it was so beautiful! You see, I had come prepared to sacrifice. To be sure, the house was big and rambling and infested with white ants, but the garden was lovely with great cedar trees, and the dahlias were in bloom. *That* wasn't the kind of missionary I wanted to be."

"But you had hardships?"

"In a way. I did try to be a good missionary. I taught every day for seventeen years, stopping only when the children were born. We lived in fourteen houses in eighteen years — never with any conveniences, no gas or electricity or plumbing."

I don't want to belittle the difficulties of carrying the double burden of child-rearing and teaching even in the most favorable circumstances, but my friend would be the first to admit that t is woman's lot was hardly more spectacular than that encountered by thousands of her contemporaries in the homeland as well as by all past generations everywhere. I am not sure that even in those difficult days she did not live more easily than many a gently bred woman in America to-day where only the very rich people have servants.

In the twenty years that have intervened since her children were small, conditions here, as in many other mission-served lands, have steadily improved. Not everyone has modern plumbing, but the lack of it does not especially call for commiseration. There is a saying among us that we have running water in our houses, but that it is the coolie who does the running; and someone else has said that the real call of the East is, "Boy!" Certainly you have only to ask for hot water to get it in any desired quantity; once you get the hang of it, it is quite as easy to decline a bottle over your toothbrush as to turn on the tap.

Do all missionaries live in such attractive surroundings? No, but so far as I know, all those who represent the numerically important Protestant churches are set down in an environment that to one who had lived on a sixty-foot town lot or in a city flat would seem nothing short of luxurious. However, it is only fair to mention one or two exceptions.

I think of the Catholic sisters, life exiles from their beloved France, who care so affectionately for their little *abandonées* in

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bare, comfortless, fireless quarters; but Rome has always been able to exact immense sacrifices from her children, knowing that they would be cheerfully made even unto death. I think, too, of the China Inland Mission, an international organization founded some years ago by J. Hudson Taylor, whose members pledge themselves literally to "take no thought for the morrow," but to accept without question whatever salary the Mission feels able to give, and to share the simple mode of life of those whom they are trying to serve. I know also that there are many others working either alone or in small groups who are wearing the mantle of St. Francis, but I speak of them only in passing because most of the nickels and dimes that are being dropped into cardboard boxes in England and America go to support the larger organizations.

III

READ, if you have not done so, Mrs. Morrow's *Splendor of God;* read and marvel of how Anne and Adoniram Judson carried on in Burmah in the face of incredible hardship and discouragement, and you will know why the word "missionary" once connoted physical and mental suffering untold. They, and many of their contemporaries, penetrated jungles, encountered hostile peoples, often left behind them the graves of their children, and came back, if at all, wasted with fever. These folks, and there are none braver in history, bade their loved ones a farewell that was in all likelihood final.

But nearly a century ago young Adoniram began protesting to his Baptist Board against the inefficiency of sending to Burmah men and women who were too frail in health to withstand the conditions that had to be met, or too ill-equipped intellectually to be effective. Already he saw that if missions were to exert a wide influence, their representatives in the field must have as prerequisites in a land where only the strong could survive something more than saintliness and self-consecration. For three-quarters of a century the churches have been applying his theories, with the result that mission work to-day is an amazingly highly organized business with ramifications all over the world.

To-day every candidate for the foreign field must, before he is accepted, pass a physical examination which is repeated at definite intervals throughout the period of his service. He must be well educated and can hardly hope to be passed by his Board unless he has a college degree. When he arrives in the country to which he has been assigned, he is put at once into a language school, and there kept until he has attained a fair familiarity with the tongue of the people among whom he is to work. Once in the field, his Board shows itself a strict but sensible parent. He is not given much pocket money, but he is, as has been shown, furnished with better living quarters than he could possibly achieve at home until after he had become financially independent. His health, safety, and comfort are constantly safeguarded.

If he is married the missionary receives fifty per cent more salary than if he is single, though this puts a definite obligation upon his wife to engage in some branch of missionary service. With the coming of each child he gets a small increase in salary, and when the children are of an age to be sent away to school or college he receives an allowance, not always adequate, for their education. He is encouraged to go home on furlough at periods varying from five to seven years. He may look forward to a pension in his old age if he continues in the service.

If possible the missionary is given the type of work for which he feels himself best fitted: educational, medical, social, or evangelistic. The first three groups exist not only to do their own special jobs but to further the work of the fourth. The "heathen" to-day is taught everything from the use of Froebel's gifts up through differential calculus; he is X-rayed and injected with serums, he is formed into basket ball teams and choral clubs, all with sincere humanitarian motives, but also with the definite hope of eventually receiving him into the Christian church. If the missionary is placed in any of these first three groups, his labors will be undertaken in pleasant surroundings and with good equipment; schools, hospitals, and Y.M.C.A. buildings are of much the same type as those we know in America and England.

It is the fourth group of workers, those engaged in evangelistic service, to whom the perils of St. Paul — "in journeyings often, in perils of robbers . . . in weariness and

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painfulness" — sometimes become grim realities, although not so constant or menacing as commonly believed. I hesitate to make the statement that "perils of robbers" are not taken into account in the daily life of the missionary, for I know that the legend that all foreigners are at all times in imminent danger of kidnaping is one which the Western world cherishes. I am continually being admonished in letters to "be careful," and "not to let Edwina go on the streets alone," and I doubt if anything I can say will convince my friends that their missionaries in Chinese towns and cities are rather safer than in Chicago. No newspaper will ever be found to give publicity to the unshot resident of Chicago or the unkidnaped missionary in China.

It is true that famine and war have practically forced thousands of farmers into banditry, and although the government is doing its best to wipe out this menace, there are still bandit-infested districts. Good crops and temporary peace have already resulted in sending many of these men back to their farms, but it must be admitted that many are still at large. However, they do prey on certain known districts, and the authorities have requested foreigners not to put themselves in the way of these lawless men, as the kidnaping of a foreigner greatly embarrasses two governments. The Boards therefore discourage their appointees from making trips into dangerous territory. My neighbor chafed for weeks at being held back from a projected journey into the country. "If they left it to us," she said, "we'd much rather go, even if we did get killed." But the Board remained obdurate so long as there was danger. In ordinary times the missionary is as safe with his Asiatic neighbors as he is on Main Street.

But in fairness one must say that, perils aside, the life of the evangelistic worker is not all beer and skittles. It is to be noted that St. Paul put "journeyings often" on a par with perils, and these journeyings, though wearisome to body and mind, are undertaken with a gallant spirit. My neighbor has finally been assured that she may safely take the trip which she had planned. I know what she encounters at these times, because she has told me, chuckling from time to time as if it were a huge joke.

She goes by river to her objective. This means that she spends several days on a boat, protected from the bitter winds only by a rush shelter, so that she frequently stays in bed for nearly the entire trip. When she arrives at her destination she establishes her headquarters in a Chinese home where artificial heating and sanitation are not. She is not particularly disturbed by the grunts and squeals which mystified her on her first visit, for she knows that they emanate from the family hogs in the next room. She endeavors to accept gracefully the food which is hospitably offered her and is thankful if it consists of eggs boiled in sweetened water rather than more elaborate but less aseptic refreshments. She combats the cold by wearing innumerable layers of wadded garments.

She and the Chinese woman who accompanies her have a bare room assigned them, and when their eyes become accustomed to the semi-darkness they set up their cots and the kerosene stove on which they do their cooking. Over the half-partition which affords them such privacy as they enjoy drift the fumes of the unspeakable filth that country households allow to accumulate in open vessels until such time as a neighboring farmer comes by to bargain for the contents to fertilize his rice fields. In effect she steps back, so far as sanitation is concerned, to the Middle Ages; not an easy transition for a fastidious woman. She does her utmost to better these conditions, but for weeks she remains in these surroundings, gathering the people together, holding Bible classes, and endeavoring to persuade as many as she may to become Christians.

IV

No one questions the policy of putting mission schools and hospitals on the most efficient basis possible. No one who feels that religion has imponderable values doubts the rightness of spending mission funds to invest mission churches and chapels with dignity and beauty. It is only the right of the missionary himself to live in something very like luxury that is debatable.

I do not believe that the attractions offered ever cause a young man or woman to choose missionary work as a career, but it is probable that, as Mr. Julian Huxley said in writing of missions in Africa, once in the field, many of them "have obviously found in missionary life

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a much freer, ampler, and more comfortable existence than they could have looked forward to at home," and that they would, and do, often hesitate to go back to the petty round of small town duties and pleasures from which many of them came. A number of them have openly stated this to be the case.

Whatever their justification, I am inclined to think that most of us do our best work in circumstances free from sordidness and inconvenience. It may be well enough to encourage contributors to the mission cause to believe that their dimes are going in some mysteriously direct way to lighten the spiritual darkness of the heathen; if instead they are used to purchase Mazda lamps for the missionary's home, I am not sure that better results are not thereby attained.

The plain fact is that missionaries are living where and how they are told to live by their Boards. Their houses are built of local materials by cheap labor on tracts purchased when land values were incredibly low. Judicious planting done for almost nothing has gradually transformed these tracts into landscape gardens. Five servants in China may be had for the price of one in America; moreover, servants buy their own food. Not only service, but goods are amazingly cheap in overpopulated countries. Rugs, tapestries, fur coats, embroideries, porcelains, and brass may be purchased at prices which I shall not quote for fear of embarrassing the retailers across the ocean. To buy these articles rather than ugly substitutes often means a real saving of money. The missionary is forbidden by his Board to buy or sell for his own profit, but when he finally comes home to America or Europe, carrying his household goods with him, or goes back on furlough with a few inexpensive gifts for friends, he is accused of returning loaded with unlawfully gained plunder.

However, the widespread ignorance regarding the present-day missionary is probably not to be wondered at. If he publishes anything in his own defense, he is accused of writing with a bias. It is only rarely that missionaries and non-missionaries mingle freely enough for the latter to report conditions fairly. In most mission centers the foreign colony is sharply divided into mission and business groups; the two scarcely ever meet, and each continues to cherish misunderstandings and prejudices. As to the casual traveler, the chances are that he never enters a mission compound; if he does, it is for a brief time and he fails to see below the surface of the missionary's life. So the missionary remains a subject for caricature on the one hand and for oversentimentalization on the other.

The fact is that mission work has become so varied that, unless it be a desire to make humanity happier, there seems to be no common denominator for its members. How is it possible to put into the same category my Cambridge doctor with his wicked sense of humor and broad scientific outlook and a fundamentalist friend who thinks the game of Rook a questionable pastime? There is room in the mission field to-day for all shades of opinion from extreme right to extreme left. We have here a former college president who takes the view that his efforts should best be directed in gathering up the loose ends of philosophical thinking among China's young intellectuals and helping to weave them into a fabric that shall have religious idealism for its pattern; we have others who go about frantically urging the people to tear down the altars of their ancestors and to be baptized.

There are some, I am sure, whom years of working among people of a different culture have not left intellectually unchanged. Some of these have quietly shifted the emphasis of their spiritual lives from St. John to St. James; they no longer accept literally the dogma that belief in certain arbitrary facts is essential for salvation, but considering that good works

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are a sound basis for religion they carry on and say nothing.

As a whole the missionaries whom I know show an amazing tolerance, and it is interesting to note that sectarianism has broken down in the mission field faster than at home. In China there now exists "the Federated Church of Christ." Sixteen denominations have already merged themselves in this general denomination, and others are expected to follow soon. In this city the group of between seventy and eighty missionaries represents at least six denominations, and these meet together for worship every Sunday afternoon. Three Sundays a month the services are held in a hall in one of the residences.

Accelerating the steady progress toward tolerance are the scores of young men and women who are coming into the field fresh from American and English schools and colleges. These young people can be persuaded to a game of cards, nor do they hold their noses in the presence of nicotine. As a further leaven to the stricter group are a large number who are technically missionaries, but who do not *feel* like missionaries. There are teachers who have been attracted by the novelty of living in a foreign country, nurses and doctors for whom the primary lure is the opportunity to study tropical or Oriental diseases, and there are scores of women who happened in college to fall in love with men who were planning to make missionary work their vocation.

Nevertheless, a simple and devout life is the rule. Mission families almost universally practice those rites of devotion that have so largely fallen into disuse in America. All are expected to appear for morning prayers, and grace is said before meals. Otherwise, their lives follow along conventional lines. The "missionary box" containing cast-off clothes sent from home became archaic several years ago. The women watch the trend of fashion with the same interest as their sisters across the seas, and the tailor who goes from house to house is admonished to take in and let out, lengthen and shorten, as dictated by Paris. The meager salaries do not permit great variety and there is much making over and passing on to families who have smaller children than one's own, but the resulting garments have about the same average of *chic* that one finds in any mixed group of middle-class people.

V

Disregarding the state of the individual in the next world, which was the primary concern of the early missionaries, has all this vast machinery added to his happiness in this? We can hardly do otherwise than answer in the affirmative when we think of the hundreds of mission hospitals in terms of suffering prevented or alleviated; of the mission schools in terms of freedom for women and a broader outlook for thousands of boys and girls. One recalls how here in China a bare twenty years ago the little daughters of the house were often put at night into rooms removed from the main building in order that the parents might not hear the moaning caused by the pain of their tortured feet. A few nights ago I saw a group of high-school girls dancing at a Y.M.C.A. entertainment, and the answer seemed plain.

There would seem to be no reason why all this humanitarian work might not have been accomplished by certain bodies which would have been willing to impart to backward countries the knowledge of the Western world without imposing its dogmas. But there has been no organization so well equipped for the task as the churches and, we must admit, none so eager to serve. Internationalism is a new concept to many, but in its implication of service it is one that the churches have always honored. One realizes that Western civilization was foreordained to sweep the world, and that countries of intellectuals like China would sooner or later have grafted the flower of it upon the native stalk of their own culture, as Japan is attempting to do, but meanwhile the missionaries have had a century's start.

It is good to know that there are those among them who can express sentiments like the following. Dr. Robert F. Fitch, for over thirty years a missionary in China, wrote (in the *Atlantic Monthly*), "When I use this word (Christian) I refuse to identify it too closely with the concepts of organized Christianity. . . . As long as Christianity is compartmental in its attitude toward those other beams of light which have come from one and the same Source, it cannot present itself to humanity as a universal faith." When our missionaries generally thus acknowledge the radiance of "other beams," prejudice on both sides of the globe will vanish.

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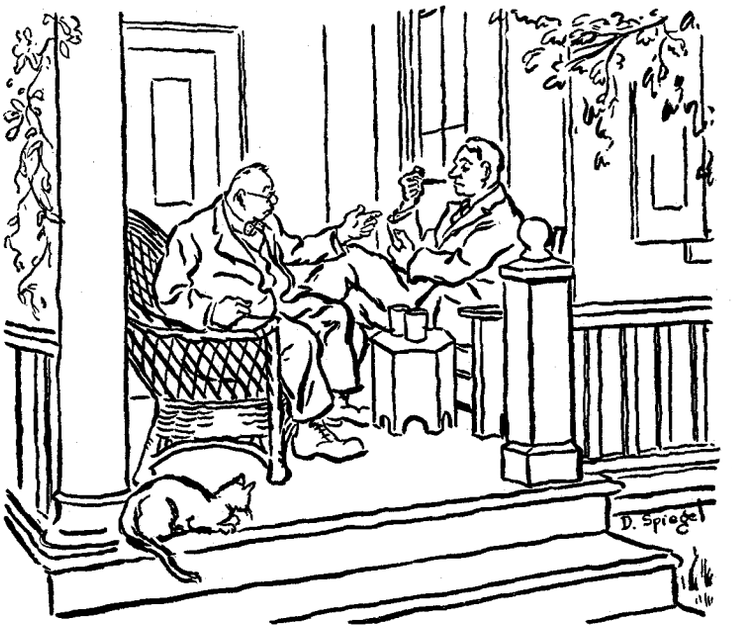
REFORM in the Fourth Ward



by **WILLIAM C. WHITE**

I

MY FRIEND Reilly is a wholesale dealer in plumbing supplies in the fourth ward. When I first knew him he was active in Organization politics. Then three years passed, until the other evening, before I saw him again.

"How's business?" I asked, making myself comfortable on a lounge on his porch.

"Rottener than a rusty washer," he said, reaching for an ash tray.

"And politics?"

"Politics in this city, young man, is rottener than that. I'm out of them for good. They're just lousy and no one can clean them up. I know — I tried. While you were abroad I became a reformer. Clean Politics in a Clean City — a neat slogan? Tied right up with the plumbing business! Yes sir, I was a reformer but I learned my lesson. I carried this ward for Clean Politics right under the nose of the Organization, but it cost me plenty. Now I'm through — want to hear about it?"

Thus I heard of the Reform Movement in the Fourth Ward.

It begins with Kelly, Reilly said. He'd been on the City Council from this ward for on to twenty years — hand in glove with the Organization all the time. He was in the same business as me and we were good friends. When orders for plumbing supplies were dealt out he got his share — I got mine. That's the way government ought to work, I say — fair to everybody. I paid into the Organization chest just like any decent American and I had no kick coming.

Then the city decided to go mad on school building. They planned a building program that ran to a couple of millions. Well, Kelly got the first contracts. That was all right with me. But it wasn't all right when he got the next set and the next.

I went and complained to the treasurer of the Organization. It did no good. Kelly had promised to throw in a big share of his profits, much bigger than my contribution. I was out in the cold and ten million dollars' worth of building still to be done.

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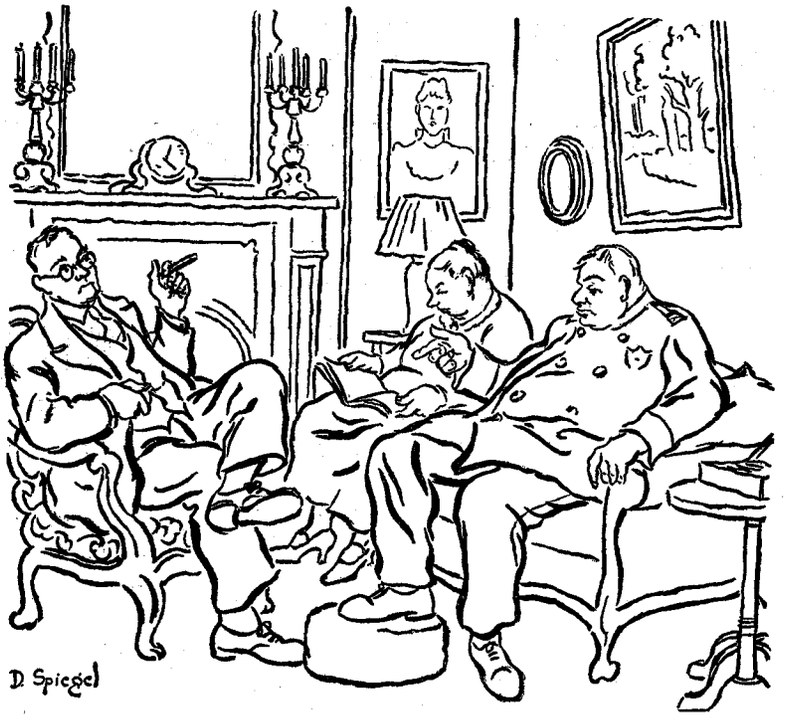
Of course I quit the Organization. A man's got to have some principles, hasn't he? But I didn't know what to do until I remembered that in two more months Kelly was coming up for re-election.

That was when I began the reform movement. First I started to talk general like in the ward about dirty politics and what they cost the city. Then I began to get personal and to talk about guys who had been in office so long that they forgot the voters who put them there and forgot that they owed the voters something. You see, I had nothing to lose — the Organization was off me, anyway.



Then I began to look around for someone who could beat Kelly. And that was where I made my mistake. I ought to have run myself and I would have but I didn't want it to look as if I was just one of those hogs who wants to get his snout in the trough, too. That part was all right — by not running myself I had a swell talking point, me being just an ordinary citizen who wanted to clean up dirty politics. But I made my big mistake in asking Grady to run.

Grady had a liquor store before prohibition; now he's retired. He's a fast thinker and he was glad to run for me after we made a little deal on the basis of the contracts he was to get for me. It was gravy for him — I had to put up all the money for the campaign. Don't let anyone tell you that reforming politics doesn't cost money. That's where most reformers are wrong — they think they can beat an Organization that gives out free coal in winter and grocery orders and boat rides and picnics in summer by handing out a lot of words. Not in this country — the voter knows his vote is worth something and he doesn't deliver it over until he gets his. And he doesn't just want a lot of throat music and beautiful thoughts.

Well, in twenty years Kelly had gotten a bit careless and had forgotten some of his friends down in the ward. So it was easy to get them lined up for Grady by promising that Grady wouldn't forget. That was a starter. A lot of them said, "Sure, Kelly ought to get out. He's had his turn and gotten his and kept most of it for himself." I tell you, young man, the common people know what kind of men they want to run our government.

Then I went to see Lieutenant O'Connell at the Police station. You can't do anything in politics without the police. And our reform movement would have been washed up like a kite if I hadn't gotten him on my side. I'd heard he was a bit sore at the Organization and at Kelly too. He was another one that Kelly forgot.

"He promised me a job at City Hall long ago," says O'Connell. "I ain't got it yet — what kind of a councilman is that to have?"

But I wanted to make sure of O'Connell, so one evening I drifted down to his house with one of these new magazines under my arm. "The Missus home?" I asked. He called her into the parlor. I talked about nothing much for a while, then accidental like I opened the magazine to one of those new bathroom pictures all done in color.

"Pretty nice, the way they're doing bathrooms these days," I says, showing Mrs. O'Connell the picture.

"They're for some movie queen's palace — like Gloria Swanson," says O'Connell.

"Oh, no," I says, "I helped put 'em in houses around here. How'd you like to have one, Francis?" His name was Francis Xavier. "I've got some stock on hand and I'd be glad

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to put one in here for you. You and the missus talk over what color you'd like and just let me know," and I winked at him.

"Say!" he whistled, "that'd be pretty swell. With a tub on the floor level, like this picture?"

"We could fix that," I says.

He sat scratching his head for a while. Then he says, "Purple and yeller'd look swell, wouldn't they, Ma?"

Well, when I thought of that hunk of meat, about two hundred and fifty pounds of it, touching his lily white toe in a purple tub, and him with the flattest feet you ever saw outside of a shovel factory, I damn near split. But I kept a straight face and said, "I just happen to have one of them purple tubs on hand and I'll fix it for you this week."

Then as I was leaving I said careless like, "Mike Grady will make us a good councilman."

"You're right," says O'Connell. "He'll look out for the interests of his constituents. You know, Kelly ought to have remembered what Lincoln said, 'You can't fool all the people all the time.'"

I walked home quite pleased. You can't get a reform movement started unless you get the people interested in it. And I knew that the cops would be with me.

II

Well, we began to hold meetings and we started things going pretty lively. We stretched a banner across the street, "Clean Politics in a Clean City. Vote for Grady." Then Kelly's gang put up a sign a hundred feet away, "Kelly has always stood for Clean Politics." We were going to cut that down some night, when I had a better idea. We hung up a sign right next to Kelly's "Kelly stands for CLEAN-up-quick-POLITICS. Vote for Grady."

Mind you, I was keeping this campaign on a high level. No mud throwing. I remember how one year the Organization got low — and caught it in the neck. They had a fight in the tenth ward against some Democrat. So they got their candidate to go round with a goat that he called "My Opponent." He even had his picture taken with the stinking animal. The Democrats got it and printed a thousand of them with the motto underneath: "Picture of Republican Candidate and Goat. The one on the left is the goat."

No sir, no personalities. Of course, Kelly did say in one speech that Grady was being subsidized by some mysterious force; then he began to talk about the Communists. Grady said the next night, "It would be interesting to know how one councilman, my honored opponent, managed to buy a property that's worth two millions if a cent." And Kelly's gang shot a little too far another night. Grady was talking about America and even quoting George Washington (his daughter Alice wrote his speeches) when some of Kelly's gang dropped a lot of stink bombs. Grady got mad and he yells, "There's a trick that shows you how low my opponents can go. While I stand here telling you things that are sacred to every American and you listen in reverence and awe, my opponent lets off stink bombs!" Grady could think fast, couldn't he? But the meeting did have to break up, the place stank so.

We aimed everything at one big rally in the Majestic Theater the night before election. That's the biggest and best theater in our ward. Kelly was having a meeting too, but he had to use the colored burlesque house and no decent people ever go to it — I mean, not with their wives. We were going to run a couple of reels of movies — wild westerns — then Grady was to speak. We gave out free ice cream cones and a lot of rattles to whoop it up for Grady. And we got the crowd, husbands, wives, and children.

Well, the house got dark and they began the pictures. I damn near died for instead of wild west some of Kelly's bunch had switched pictures on us — and it began, in big letters, "Parisian Flirts!" And the first picture showed about ten young women and only four costumes among them.

I must say that Grady thinks fast — that's the trouble with him, too damn fast. He came out from behind the screen and says, "Fellow citizens, there has been a mistake, thanks to

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the dirty work of our opponents. Instead of having a picture that no one could blush to see, they have slipped this one over on us. However, we'll run it through so that you can all see what kind of picture Kelly prefers and what kind he thinks you women and children would like."

That was swell! It was just the kind of picture that the men would like anyway and now they had a swell alibi for looking at it. And the women wouldn't forget it when it came to vote next day. You got to hand it to Grady!

Well, after the picture came the speaking. And the audience was all heated up, believe me. Grady talked for half an hour and he had a bang-up ending. "Fellow citizens," he says, "if I am elected I can go into office with my hands untied, not bound by a single promise to anyone" — he stops for effect — "except to six people." Then some guy we had planted in the audience stands up and yells, "Who are the six?"

At that a big flag that's been hanging in the rear of the stage drops and there stand Mrs. Grady and her five kids.

The house went wild, I'm telling you. Especially since Alice, his oldest daughter, was draped in a flag, like the Statue of Liberty. And she's one of the best looking girls you ever saw.

Well, it was a wonderful rally. But you can't tell about rallies — no crowd ever claps its hands so sore that it can't vote the next day for the other guy.

And I was a bit worried about the election — the Organization is hard to beat, even if our reform movement was popular and people said nice things. For one thing, you never know what dirty tricks the Organization will pull and you got to be ready for them. And another thing, the Fourth Ward is a funny mixture. One end, the first precinct, is chiefly nigger and they always vote Organization. The nigger vote's the cheapest thing there is — a quarter of a ton of coal will buy one nigger, his family, his wife's family, his cousins, and, if he's a preacher, his whole damn congregation. Then the middle of the ward, the second precinct, is white. I knew we'd stand a good chance of winning there. The other end, the third precinct, is Polish and we'd have a close run there — maybe twenty votes or so would decide it. Of course I made a few promises to the Polish leaders. It's funny what good politicians those foreigners become once they get Americanized.

Well, I started out on election day as watcher in the first precinct, the nigger district. That was easy! I sat down by the election officers. They were all Organization and ordinarily we wouldn't have had a chance. But just outside the door stood O'Connell, all nice and shiny — he must have spent the whole night in his purple bath. He had half a dozen cops with him.

The first nigger came in and asked for a ballot.

"I challenge this vote," I yelled as loud as I could.

"Wha foah?" says the coon.

"Where's your tax receipt?" I yelled even louder.

He put it on the table and I shouted, "That's a fake."

I made so much noise that O'Connell came in and arrested the coon for making a disturbance around a polling place.

Well, we only had to do that five or six times until the news got around and no more niggers showed up. Of course the Organi-

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zation men were sore, but what could they do? If you have the cops on your side you can win any election!

The Organization tried their dirty work in the second precinct — the white one. I saw a young chap come in, give his name as Brown, a longshoreman, and go in and vote. I never saw that guy in my life and I knew he didn't come from the Fourth Ward but I said nothing. An hour later he was back and asked for a ballot as Kinney, a teamster.

I waited until he came out of the voting booth, then I asked him quiet, "Say, lad, how many times have you voted?" and I winked at him. He was only a youngster and scared. "Six so far," he says. "Six!" I yelled. Then I had an idea and asked him, "How old are you?" "Eighteen," he says. Now I ask you, voting a kid of eighteen six times! What way is that to make our young men respect our government? But that's the Organization.

Of course I thought the Organization might try a bit or rough stuff with some of the river front gangsters; so I had a couple hired and parked around the corner all day. But nothing happened; the Organization didn't consider this an important enough fight to do anything dirty. They knew that Grady would vote with them on everything but plumbing contracts. Now if we'd been Democrats — !

Well, things was running pretty smooth. I went home at noon for dinner and half an hour later Grady came in.

"Say," he says breathless, "I got a chance to get about forty votes down in the third precinct." That was the Polish one. "Grab all the old clothes and coats you have and come on."

I went upstairs and got four or five suits and came down to his car at the curb. The back of it was already filled with old clothes.

"What's the idea?" I asked.

"The election officers at the third precinct belong to the Organization," he says, "but they can be reached. I made 'em a couple of promises about better jobs. After all, why should a guy sweat to make a living when he can go into politics? And there's no one there to make any trouble except one watcher from Kelly's gang — and he don't speak Polish."

But I was still in the dark. So I asked, "But why the clothes? Are you going to give a coat with a vote?"

"No," Grady says. "But I just found out that about forty Polaks haven't voted yet. Awful names they have — see, I got a list of them," and he shows me a bit of paper with terrible things like Mankshpsh, Wenskutsky, Zfaffopsky, and other disasters written on it. "If they haven't voted by now it means that they won't vote until this evening or not at all. So we'll find a man and vote for them."

Well, you won't believe it but we drove around the streets for half an hour and couldn't find one man who would admit that he spoke English. Something ought to be done about foreigners to make them into real honest God-fearing Americans sooner. Finally we found one man sitting on the steps of his house. He spoke English like you or me and we told him what we wanted after we discovered that he had no objections to earning five dollars. But just as he was getting into the car I let out a yell, "Hey, we can't use this guy — he's only got one arm!"

"Oh, the hell," says Grady. "Let him come. What difference does one arm make between forty Polaks?"

We parked the car around the block from the polling place and gave the guy one of the names from the list. He went in and voted. In less than five minutes he was back. We gave him another coat and hat and he went in and voted another name. Then he came back and got another change of clothes and another name.

Well, we voted him forty times then paid him off. Then we went to the polling place and the Organization watcher was raising hell with the clerks.

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"I don't know one Polak from another," says the clerk. "At least each of them could pronounce his name."

"Neither do I," says the watcher, "but there's something crooked. Who the hell ever heard of forty one-armed Polaks?"

III

By the late afternoon I began to feel that things were coming our way and we'd put the reform movement over. There's three things you got to do to be successful in politics — you got to have money, you got to get the people aroused, and you got to get them to vote. And we'd done all three. So I started home for an early supper.

On the way I passed Kelly and his son on the other side of the street and he waved for me to come over.

"What's the idea of all this dirty work?" he asked, sore as an ingrown boil.

"Nothing dirty," I says, "just showing you that you can't get away with murder all your life. Got you scared a bit?"

"Listen," he dropped his voice, "How about Grady withdrawing right now? I'll see to it that you get more than your share of orders."

Trying to bribe me like that! I acted real sore and said, "No sir, I'm not going to betray all the people who have voted our reform ticket that way. It's all or none with me."

"Well, it'll be none," he says and walks off mad as hell.

I went home for an early supper real confident. But I'd only started when Grady phoned. "Come right down to the first precinct — hurry." I tore down there and found that the Organization had about three hundred niggers all lined up, waiting to vote. O'Connell was standing by, looking helpless. Of course, he couldn't arrest all that gang. We watched 'em vote — every vote against reform. I didn't know what to do and time was passing. About six-thirty (the polls close at seven) I had an idea. I ran around the corner and stopped the first big buck nigger I saw.

"Where do you live?" I asked him.

"Uptown," he says.

"You want to earn five dollars?" Then I told him what to do — to get to the head of that line and not to let them bluff him out of his right to vote. If O'Connell couldn't arrest two hundred coons, at least he wouldn't arrest this one, no matter what happened.

So the nigger got at the head of the line after a hell of a row. O'Connell stood by, paying no attention, of course. Then he asked for a ballot and the clerk asked him where he lived.

"Uptown, boss," he says.

"Then you can't vote here," said the election officer.

"Why not? I'se a citizen as votes where I likes."

Well, the argument went on and the clerks called for the police but there wasn't one in sight. Still they argued — the coon wouldn't move. Then it struck seven — and O'Connell came to see that the polls closed. They did. And one hundred perfectly good votes against reform that didn't vote went up the street to the movies.

You won't believe it but we won that election by just one hundred and forty votes — one hundred nigger votes that weren't cast and forty Polak that were. I spent the next week counting up the cost of bringing clean politics into our ward and believe me, it was plenty.

So Grady went to Council and I sat back and waited for the contracts to come my way. I got the first — a little one, and I began to feel that the cost and energy I'd put into reform were worth it. Or rather, after half a dozen more contracts, would be worth it. Then all of a sudden, I was taught my lesson — don't monkey with dirty politics, you can't clean them up, no matter what you do. Do you know what happened? Well, Kelly's son married Grady's daughter, Alice, just like that, and Grady went and turned all the contracts over to Kelly just to keep the money in the family. If that isn't the rottenest kind of politics!

Tell me, young man, what kind of a government is it that doesn't do things for the people who take an interest in it? That's what government's for. No sir, I'm through reforming politics in this town, I'm through with all kinds of politics. But of course, if the Organization came across with some proposition . . .

Next Month — "Young Men and Politics," by Governor Cross of Connecticut

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The Dilemmas of a Critic

ANONYMOUS

I

THOUGH I CALL myself a critic and hope I am one, three-quarters of my income I earn as a teacher. Criticism, except perhaps in its most flagrantly journalistic forms, is not a means of making a living, even when it happens to be a person's principal excuse for being. The spirit can be nourished by the writing of reviews and articles, but the daily bread that the flesh demands almost certainly has to be supplied by colleges, publishing houses, magazines, or newspapers. To secure my present moderate income entirely by labors as a critic, I should have to write three fairly long reviews every week, dull seasons and all, and at least one article a month. And that, so far as freedom from pressure on my time and strain on my nerves is concerned, would unquestionably mean leaping into a fire uncomfortably hot even when compared with the warmth of my frying pan.

Some advantages may lurk in a situation that will not permit a critic to earn his living by criticism, but no one has pointed them out. I do not believe that I read more intelligently because I read only in the evening, after a day spent in laboring with immature minds, annotating familiar texts, and correcting more or less illiterate themes; nor do I believe I write any better because my writing has to be done on Saturday or Sunday. On the other hand, I should not suppose that sampling manuscripts and preparing blurbs for a publisher, or editing copy and correcting proof for a magazine, would be a better preparation for the critical task. Though a certain amount of a certain kind of criticism can be combined with teaching or editing or reporting or, for that matter, steel riveting, taxi driving, or bootlegging, something more than margins of time and energy is required for the making of a great critic. Criticism ought to be, to all intents and purposes and for everyone but the rare genius, a full-time job; the fact that at the present time it is not may be a fairly comprehensive explanation of what is wrong with it.

Obviously most reviews, including my own, would be better written if they were written with greater care and after meditative reading and unhurried reflection. Greater gains than that, however, would result if critics had more time. Think for a moment of how much more criticism demands than the reading of a single book for a particular review or of a single author's work for a particular article. To take the most commonplace kind of illustration, let us say that a man is competent to review a book only if he has read all that its author has written. But can I, or anyone in a similar position, be expected either to know the complete works of practically every living author or to sit down and read five or six books in order to produce a single book review? The establishment of such a standard would eliminate not only the bad reviews but most of the comparatively good ones; it would immediately dispel the current notion that criticism can be done in odd moments. As it is, no editor dares hope to find genuinely competent reviewers, nor can he, paying for reviews as he does, complain if incompetence unmistakably stalks on his pages.

And this matter of equipment for reviews is relatively so unimportant! Of course a critic ought to have time to read the books that are obviously relevant to the particular piece of work he has in hand; but beyond that he needs background, the widest possible knowledge not only of all the arts but also of all the sciences. Even in his own little field the dimensions of the task are overwhelming. On the writings of Proust, Joyce, and Mann, for example, I have never had occasion directly to comment, but if I did not know these men well whatever I said about modern literature of any sort could have but little weight. Far into the past

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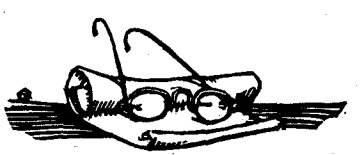
and through many languages even the study of contemporary men leads the conscientious critic. When can he pursue these far-reaching studies? When can he read the great masterpieces that he happens not to have read? When am I going to read *War and Peace*, *La Charteuse de Parme*, *Amelia*, and *The Ring and the Book?* I have not looked at a line of Homer, Cervantes, or Racine since I was in college, and their work would be as new to me as if I had never heard their names. When shall I have the chance to rediscover them? Not this month, for I am writing this article and reading for another, and there will undoubtedly be another book or two to review before the month has gone by.

II

For me, a teacher, the reading essential to my critical function is a grievous problem; how much more baffling, then, it must be for critics who are otherwise employed! I at least, however elementary my courses, read each year some of the greatest English prose and poetry. I know freshly, and not merely as a recollection from college days, what I think about the Elizabethan dramatists and the romantic poets and Fielding and Carlyle and Meredith. My blessings do not, when I think on the one hand of the time I spend on routine work and on the other of the masterpieces I never can quite contrive to read, seem overwhelmingly great; but at least I am better off than the journalist I know who maintains, with only slight exaggeration I imagine, that in four years he has read not a single book more than a fortnight old.



Yet I warn the would-be critic from turning, because of its literary opportunities, to teaching. My friends in publishing houses and magazine offices may find their work less congenial and less enriching than I find mine, but at least they are making progress in their respective positions. I am not, nor in the predictable future am I likely to. Whatever fitness for my work I have gained by reading and whatever reputation I have won by writing I owe to my decision not to become a Doctor of Philosophy. Little as the last five years may have added to my critical stature, they would have added less if they had been spent in reading Anglo-Saxon, Old French, and Gothic, and in the meticulous study of some minor literary figure. And yet that is the course of action that would have made progress possible in the academic world.

When I made my choice, I reckoned the price that I should have to pay, and I do not complain because the bill has been presented. I may have hoped that a sound piece of criticism in some reputable periodical would be taken as equivalent to an exhibition of scholarship in the Publications of the Modern Language Association, or that a reasonably original book might not be found less significant than a documented thesis; but I knew that I was foolish, and on such a miracle's happening I never ventured to count. As a matter of fact, I have in some respects fared better than I expected. But here I am at the age when most of my Ph.D. friends are establishing their reputations as scholars and consolidating their positions as teachers; and I am staring disconsolately at what seems, just now, to be the end of a blind alley. My work is probably as well-received in my field as their work is in theirs, and I see no reason why my success should not bring, as theirs does, academic rewards; but a Ph.D. has come, in some not altogether rational manner, to be as indispensable to a teacher as his union card is to a bricklayer. It has become, in a day when no one pretends to know what constitutes an education or what makes a good teacher, the only mark of achievement that departmental chairmen, college presidents, and boards of trustees are able to recognize.

So familiar is this indictment that I should be ashamed to mention the situation if it did not so urgently create a dilemma for me and if it were not so important a detail in any portrait of the critic as teacher. In my flesh, because of my particular interests, the Ph.D. myth is a peculiarly irritating and unforgetable thorn. Given a world in which criticism cannot be a full-time job, one would naturally regard teaching — because of the comparatively short hours, the long vacations, the association with men interested in literature, and the constant contact with masterpieces — as of all possible compromises by far the best. But actually, even when the hours do not stretch into more than a plumber's week, when the vacations aren't devoted to teaching summer

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school, when the associates are interested in more than footnotes, and when the masterpieces are on a level above those in McGuffey's readers, teaching is for the critic a questionable pursuit simply because, unless he has acquired the sacred letters en route, he will find his rewards in salary and position increasing so much more slowly than his needs, to say nothing of what he may consider his deserts, that he will begin flirtations with journalism, lecture tours, or advertising agencies.

I mention the difficulties of the critic as teacher because to me they are so persistently familiar and so acutely vivid; but I am not unaware of or indifferent to the difficulties critics experience in the various other gainful occupations to which they may turn. Considering these difficulties, can we avoid the conclusion that there is no kind of compromise that permits a critic to earn his living and still do his critical work well? And the worst of it is that the critic is not only forced to find some other remunerative employment during his apprenticeship; he cannot even console himself with the hope that some day an established reputation will bring him the opportunity for thoroughness. One of our more distinguished critics for years supported himself by writing reviews and translating novels; another is advisor to a publishing house; several, of course, are teachers. It is doubtful if any one of these men could, in a year devoted exclusively to criticism, earn much more than *The Saturday Evening Post* pays for a single short story. Criticism, in brief, doesn't pay.

Its not paying is, as I well know, a serious problem in itself, but even more serious is the situation of which the pecuniary shortcomings are symptomatic. It is easy to imagine a scheme of progression so simple and logical that I can almost fool myself into believing it exists: many young men, let us say, learn to do competent book reviews; the more talented develop the ability to write critical articles; of these a few go on to write books; and the best of this few continue writing books. From this last group come in time our Sainte-Beuves and Matthew Arnolds. Their wants satisfied by their incomes from royalties, lectureships, or weekly feuilletons, they not only grow richer and riper as critics but also stronger and more pervasive as molders of the literary taste of their times. They set the standards of achievement by which youths measure their talents, offer judgments that authors respect, and create a reading public capable of discrimination and delight.

It is a pretty dream, but it has no relation to the American reality. Here the most successful critic, almost as invariably as the youngest reviewer, has to subordinate his criticism to some other work. And in a society in which the pecuniary standard is universally accepted, the failure of the critic on the monetary level is the measure of the failure of criticism as a social force. If some such progression existed as I have sketched, it would mean not merely that the better critics could be sure of the leisure their work demands, but also that they would have an audience that would give their work significance. The American critic writes in a kind of void; his audience is, comparatively speaking, infinitesimal and his influence slight. Young men in New York, meeting each other constantly, each earnestly seeking to convert the others, may be able to fool themselves; I, living where I do, where not even my colleagues read much of what I write and where not a single person, I imagine, living on my street has ever heard of the magazines I write for, know better. And surely the older critic, wherever he lives, must come to realize that the chance of his changing the direction of American life, even by so much as one point of the sixty-four on the compass, is as slight as the chances of the camel if he had first to find a needle in a haystack and then pass through its eye.

III

That is the ultimate dilemma of the critic and one that no critic, even if he is blessed with an independent income or favored with a sinecure, can escape. It is, of course, a dilemma felt in some form or other and to a greater or less extent by every writing man in the present age; but for the critic its form is peculiarly depressing. For the critic interprets literature for a particular group, judges it in terms of the values of his society, treats it, in short, not merely as a private affair between himself and the author but as a matter of social concern and general importance. He speaks with greatest insight and highest authority when he speaks as the articulate literary consciousness of a homogeneous society,

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not when he speaks, as in America to-day he must speak, as an isolated specialist talking to himself or to other specialists.

Why, then, should I or anyone else bother with criticism? If it is an arduous, underpaid, and more or less futile business, why do I not chuck it? In the first place, because I can't. Criticism is no easier to let alone than poetry, liquor, or bridge. Keenly as I feel the need of a real audience to bring to fruition such critical capacities as I have, I prefer writing for whoever will read me to not writing at all. If I were exiled on the traditional desert island with the hundred volumes of my choice, I should not only try to read them in the critical spirit; I should, if my pack included writing paper, take advantage of that unprecedented opportunity for a calmly reflective formulation of my impressions and judgments. It seems to me that in my critical writing I work under a compulsion quite as strong, quite as unpleasant, and quite as ineluctable as that felt by any poet or novelist.

And in the second place I believe that criticism is important. About its actual importance to-day I have shown that I have no illusions, but of its potential importance I am perfectly sure. Without questioning the primacy of the creative writer, without assuming that criticism can do much by itself. I unhesitatingly follow Matthew Arnold in asserting the necessity of ordered ideas for literary growth. Whoever studies the history of our letters must be impressed not by the absence of talent but by the repeated dimming of bright hopes. The youths of promise have a way, as Emerson recorded, of not becoming full-grown men, and one lost generation follows another. Unless the social and economic forces that have blighted and are blighting our cultural aspirations are completely beyond our control, criticism can help us to understand and master them. Alone, criticism cannot win the battle, but its resources are none the less essential for the ultimate victory.

Certainly even such cripples as we critics are to-day are badly needed. If we do not resist the pressure of advertising and the menace of standardization, who will? Who else will expose the tricks of the facile mediocrity and discover the virtues of the obscure and reticent innovator? Who else will define the assumptions upon which the artist half-consciously bases his work? Who else will rescue from dusty shelves the ignored achievements of the past and point out their significance for the future? Who else is to reckon the literary bearings of philosophy and psychology, estimate the cultural import of social reforms, assay the influence of racial traits and national characteristics? We admit that we do these things badly, but who else would do them as well?

I see no excuse for my not trying to keep on. How it can be made possible for the critic more adequately to do his task, how he can be given leisure, recognition, an audience, I know not. That is the chief reason why this article is personal and anonymous. If I were to write an objective and generalized essay, viewing the evils of the present situation with alarm and exposing them with scorn, I should be expected, according to the rules of the game, to propose what debaters call a better way. I should be asked for a remedy, and I have no remedy. I simply have a personal problem, one that keeps me awake nights, one that I do not hope to solve completely and that I can solve at all only with the best of luck and the exercise of considerable ingenuity. The immediate program is quite concrete and rather dull: if I can find time this spring to write a certain number of reviews and salable articles, I may be able this summer to afford to do no writing; and if I can give the summer entirely to reading, I may be able next autumn to begin a book; and if I begin a book, I may. . . .

There is no other kind of solution that will fit my case, and I begin to doubt if there is any other solution for the more general problem. Whatever virtue there is in criticism to-day and whatever authority it has have been won by men who made mind and body do double duty in order that they might be judged worthy by standards that did not exist. We must do as they have done. Only as we do more than can possibly be expected of us, are better informed, more careful, more honest, more penetrating, can we dare to hope for a day when criticism will be what criticism should be. Even such a hope is irrational, but it is the only thing I know of that I am quite sure I want to gamble my life on.

Next Month — The Trials of a White Collar Clerk

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The Myth of the Magnificent Brute

by **LOGAN CLENDENING, M.D.**

PRIMITIVE man is said to have been a little short on brains and organization, but when it comes to brawn and health his reputation is A-1.

He stands there, according to the experts, in the dawn-days of creation with the shafts of sunlight glinting down through the branches of the forest primeval on his rippling muscles and clear skin, and he is a sight for sore eyes. By "the experts" I mean, of course, the nudists and Bernarr Macfadden, and the vegetarians, and Upton Sinclair, and the nut-eaters, and the starvationists, and the surviving members of the staff of the Life Extension Institute, and the departments of *belles-lettres* of the insurance companies, and Professor Muldoon, and the anti-vivisectionists, and the anti-flesh consumers, and the anti-white-bread racketeers, and the prohibitionists, and the roughage hounds, and so forth.

The feet of primitive man

The health programs of these hygienists are absolutely sound, so they tell us, because they are based on the methods of old *Pithecanthropus erectus* himself. And he justified them, according to their stories. There he is in the forest clearing with a leopard- or a lionskin around his shoulders, lightly swinging a limb of a tree around from hand to hand out of the pure joy of feeling so good. His muscles ripple. (I have said that before, but I deliberately repeat. A rippling muscle is, so far as I can gather, the real test of the absence of Bright's disease.) His skin is almost transparent and, provided he does not live in Africa or Australia, a delicate shade of pink. His long, luxuriant hair is evidence that he has often been out in the rain minus an umbrella. Every once in a while he lets out a whoop just for luck and his voice reverberates among the hills and dales without a trace of huskiness or effeminacy.

According to the eyewitnesses listed above, he was never constipated, because he ate nature's foods, and so he had no pizen dammed back inside of him. He certainly is said to have been the picture of health.

And why shouldn't he of been? He clumb trees, didn't he? All day long. To get berries. Or fruit. I guess even in those days the berries grew close to the ground. He ate nature's foods, didn't he? He got plenty of exercise escaping from saber-toothed tigers, didn't he? He lived an outdoor life as was intended. His skin was exposed to sun and air and rain so it could breathe. He never touched tobacco, or whisky, or gin, or Chateau Lafite 1914. He may have fudged a little on elderberry wine and meat when he got a chance, but he never touched white bread. He was so different from us — we, who are smothered in clothes, fumbling around with the wrong diets, going to drug stores all the time for iodine and castor oil, compelled to see the dentist twice a year, filled with serums and antitoxins and vaccines,

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and covered with scars of surgical operations. Primitive man had none of that. No wonder he was a sight for sore eyes.

It is well he was, because sore eyes were probably about the only kind that gazed on him. That is, if our present specimens of primitive people are any criteria, because ophthalmia is very common among them. Colonial governors have had to combat trachoma in natives ever since the dawn of history. There is no reason to suppose the natives did not have to combat it themselves before that dawn.

It's just possible, too, that when primitive man smiled he wasn't so pretty. Unless caught very young his teeth were likely to look sort of non-hygienic to modern notions. Dr. Herbert V. Williams, writing in the *Archives of Pathology*, has shown that Neanderthal teeth knew pyorrhea, and that "the jaws of the old man of Cro-mangan (Aurignacian) indicate that he suffered from pyorrhea as well as from bone cysts."

The noble red man, communing with nature as he did, had a good deal of pyorrhea and caries. Human remains from an early Iroquois village site show that many teeth had dropped out, partly due to the bad state of preservation of the skulls. Sixty-six teeth present in the jaws were free from caries, 10 showed caries, 103 loose teeth were free from caries, and 15 had caries. These were a sedentary people, living largely on maize.

That Caveman Complexion

Of course, when one has gone this far, on the basis of definite evidence, the suspicion begins to creep in that maybe that picture of physical perfection visualized in the forest clearing is not entirely authentic. Comes the question of the skin. It's all very well to go around mostly naked, but the thought occurs that it is even healthier for the itch mites and ticks than it is for the nudist. We have no evidence that there were itch mites in those days, but then we have no reason to believe there were not. Of course, there have been no remains of itch mites found in barrows. Still, one has a feeling they were present and that primitive man did a good deal of scratching. Certainly primitive people as seen in side shows of to-day do a good deal of scratching, as even do the spectators.

About other skin diseases we can be more definite. There is a good deal of Peruvian pottery, for instance, which represents the human form. A certain kind or group of these figurines are called huacos and show ulcers on the face. They are frequently at the corner of the mouth or nose. What disease is represented has not been fully decided, though a large literature has accumulated on the subject.

It is probable that the ulcerations are due to a protozoan infection called "uta," although they may have been yaws, leprosy, tuberculosis (lupus), syphilis, or *verruca peruana*. Skin diseases, generally called leprosy, were common in Oriental countries in Biblical days as we know, but we can hardly call that the period of primitive man, lest the Methodist Board of Temperance, Prohibition, and Public Morals be at our throats.

The luxuriant-growth-of-hair myth remains undisturbed so far as very ancient man is concerned. Not a hair of his head has been preserved. Nor a single bald pate. But mummies, which are almost prehistoric, are bald. Some of them wear wigs. The eggs of lice have been found adhering to mummy hair. Rameses II — oh! long lost brother to our modern kind — had blackheads on his forehead.

The feet of primitive man must have been simple torture to him. Stone bruises, thorns, infections, and chilblains combined to put him in the mood to throw rocks at his feet so that they would hurt in a different way. Doubtless the primitive unshod foot was a strong, lithe, tough organ, but also it must have born the brunt of a good deal of trauma. In warm climates, on sandy beaches, in the South Seas, they were better off than elsewhere, but the immigrants into Europe with the long cold winters must often have envied the arboreal birds. At any rate, as soon as sandals or foot coverings were invented they became immediately popular, in spite of the advantages claimed for the "natural" foot.

Primitive man's interest in his eyes and teeth and skin and feet, however, was divided by his attention to his internal pangs. One definite thing we know about him is that he had plenty of rheumatism. Our knowledge is so certain on this score because the only remains of most primitive men we have are the bones; and the ravages of rheumatism are exhibited in bony structure.

Osteo-arthritis — that is, chronic rheuma-

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Drawings by James Daugherty

He lived an outdoor life.

tism — is present in the upper end of the skeleton of *Pithecanthropus erectus*, the oldest of human remains, which were discovered in Java and have been dated as belonging to a living creature 500,000 years ago. The same condition is regularly found in the remains of the Neanderthal race, dating back 25,000 years. The climate of Europe, which was the habitat of the Neanderthal race, was even colder and damper than it is now, and the lack of central heating and woolen underwear industries, combined with the low state of dental science (focal infection from the teeth probably originating the rheumatism) rendered our savage ancestor particularly liable to the worst forms of the disease. But even in Egypt, the present resort of the chronic rheumatic, Sir Marc Armand Ruffer, professor of pathology at the University of Cairo, found arthritis of the spine in 40 per cent of predynastic skeletons.

In North America, in pre-Columbian mounds, evidence of arthritis is equally common. Hrdlička found that 50 per cent of the skeletons in Lousiana and Arkansas had arthritic deposits in the spine.

Gout seems to have been staved off by mankind until the advent of Christianity. The first case of proved gout was found in a body in an Egyptian tomb. He was an old man, a foreign Christian, who had migrated to Egypt. The deposits on the great toe were well preserved, and proved by chemical analysis to be urates, which are the same substances found in gouty deposits to-day.

It is curious that few calculi have been found in any ancient bodies. Only one case of gallstones has ever been recorded — and it was discovered in an Egyptian mummy. A few bladder stones and a few kidney stones have been reported. A bladder stone was discovered in the body of a male Basket-maker in Arizona. The Basket-makers antedated the Pueblo-builders in Arizona and New Mexico, and must be dated several centuries ago.

Rickets is conspicuous by its absence in ancient days. This is natural considering that the disease is the result of lack of exposure to sunlight. Primitive man huddled around the equator and got plenty of sun.

Injuries to bones are frequently seen. The skeleton which gave its name to the Neanderthal race, now in the Provincial Museum at Bonn, has a deformity of both bones of the left forearm probably caused by injury. Peruvian skulls show evidence of many fractures, apparently produced by playful taps from war clubs.

Resistance to Disease

But all this is merely in the day's work. An active, vigorous fellow, such as was our primitive ancestor, would naturally pick up quite a few results of the stresses and strains of his mode of living. But think of the resistances he developed! Think how that fine specimen of manhood, living the great free life of the outdoors, eating nothing but nature's foods, exercising the muscles of that powerful body all day long — think how he would shake off an infection, how few colds he would have, how little he would be troubled by the ravages of the microbes! Well, let's see.

So long as savage men remain isolated they do not have very many infectious diseases. But whenever an infectious disease is introduced into a primitive community it spreads rapidly and disastrously. The natural life, the outdoor life, the activity and apparent health of the population in no way protect them from the infection, in no way confer on them any immunity.

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"Scrofulous diseases (tuberculosis) are now general among the natives. Originally introduced by Europeans, they are now naturalized in the system and propagated in their offspring and have become a chief cause of mortality among them." (Rev. Richard Taylor, writing in *Te Ika A Maui* of New Zealand.)

"Announcement that influenza is ravaging the natives of the western coast of Alaska," states the News Bulletin of the National Geographic Society for December 28, 1923, "and has resulted in many deaths recalls that one kind of tragedy has always followed the advance of civilization. Primitive people in out of the way places, unless entirely isolated from civilization, have been threatened with extermination by such ordinarily unimportant civilized diseases as measles. It is not a matter of unhealthful regions, for the scenes of such tragedies often have climates bracing and upbuilding to whites and to such natives as escape the first onslaught and who develop immunity to the new disease."

Playful taps from war clubs

The primitive mode of life then does nothing to help one throw off infections when they come. Cold bathing, open air, sunshine, exercise, nature's foods — none of these things help to keep you from catching cold, or measles, or tuberculosis, or diphtheria, or smallpox. What will prevent them? Well, it seems utterly illogical but it appears the best methods are found in tubes. You go into a hospital clinic, where there is a strong smell of iodoform and ether and none of the fresh clean earth odor of the woods, and somebody makes a scratch in your skin and introduces some matter and by and by you get a sore on the skin and that's how you make yourself free from smallpox. Not a dumbbell lifted, not an Indian club swung, but free from the danger you are.

Or you cultivate the acquaintance of your kind. You positively saturate yourself with hordes of people. You jam into the subway at the rush hour. You sit on tenement stairs, you sleep ten in a room, you crowd into meeting places and abjure the free open spaces. You may come down with a few mild attacks of one thing or another but you will spend an old age wondering why it is people are so frail and sensitive to little things and keep succumbing to one fever after another. There's young Smith — strong, healthy, vigorous feller, not more than twenty-nine years old — always playin' golf or tennis, or exercisin' in the gymnasium and runnin' through the park in trunks — gets pneumonia, and phtt! goes out like a guttered candle. While old man Jones, without a single chick or child or relative and spendin' all his time in his library with his Bacon-Shakespeare collection, comes down with it at the same time and is out attendin' an auction in three weeks. It don't look right.

Civilization has strangled tuberculosis. Since we have had records on the subject, the only years when tuberculosis did not show a decline in incidence, were the years when civilization completely failed — from 1916 to 1919. It is one of the oldest of diseases. We have definite record of it in human remains of the Egyptian period whenever large portions of the body structures have been preserved. The existence of the disease in very early remains is open to dispute. The only form which could be recognized in them would be tuberculosis of the bones. The most famous specimen in which the diagnosis has been attempted is the Bartel skeleton, a neolithic remnant found near Heidelberg. The bones are those of a young adult. The fourth and fifth dorsal vertebrae are fused with the body of the sixth. The individual was undoubtedly hunchbacked. My opinion, based on the examination of photographs, is that tuberculosis is the most likely diagnosis, but Williams thinks that impacted fracture cannot be entirely excluded.

Of the existence of the disease in Egypt there is no reasonable doubt. The body of a child of the fifth dynasty (2700 B.C.) exhibits

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tuberculosis of the hip, and over a dozen of various epochs show tuberculosis of the spine. The most striking example is the mummy of a priest of Amen who had extensive Pott's disease (tuberculosis of the spine) with a psoas abscess and a deformity of the spine. He must have been a truly theatrical figure when his hunchbacked emaciated figure, with a death-like face, officiated at the obscure rites in his temple.

Tuberculosis of the lungs (consumption) we can only infer. The lungs themselves have all gone the way of flesh. But numerous mummies exhibit the remnants of adhesions around the chest wall which may mark the site of pleurisies and allow us to suppose that these were tuberculous in origin — a reasonable conjecture.

Syphilis is a moot question. Its origin in history is probably the liveliest subject of controversy among medical historians. The easy way — the facile solution, which lends itself to romance, to modern biography, and to sarcastic pleasantries — is to acknowledge that it was brought to Europe by Columbus's sailors, that its first historical habitat was America, and that it was acquired by the sailors from the Indian ladies. This view, however, is opposed by Professor Sudhoff, whose authority in matters of medical history is very great. But even Sudhoff is not able to trace it certainly beyond the year 1450. If such is the case, primitive man might be expected to be free of it. The evidence might be dubious on *a priori* ground. While syphilis does affect the bones, the most frequent sites in the body for its manifestation would hardly survive intact through many years, even when bodies were subjected to the niceties of the embalmer's art. Dr. Williams, whom I have often quoted, states, "I cannot learn of any published case that is known to antedate the year 1500 A.D and that can confidently be pronounced syphilis of the bone."

As to the effect which early man's health habits, and especially his natural diet, had upon his excretory routine we are completely in the dark. "Primitive man was never constipated," say the experts, "because he lived upon fruits and berries, mangoes and pomegranates." But the experts fail to enlighten us as to how they discovered these intimate details. There is no evidence either pro or con until after the art of writing was established.

In the earliest writings on earth, however, we find constipation firmly established. It seems to be already a familiar bugbear as if it had been a household acquaintance for several centuries. In the Ebers papyrus, which was written about 1500 B.C., and is probably a copy of an even earlier original, there is the following prescription: "Remedy to clear out the body and to get rid of the excrement in the body of a person: Berries of the Castor oil tree. Chew and swallow down with beer in order to clear out all that is in the body."

Degenerative Diseases

But one feels, having gone so far with the evidence, that a time of justification is coming. What about the degenerative diseases? What about the diseases produced by the stress and strain of modern life? What about the afflictions which prematurely terminate the existence of leaders of our state, captains of industry, those harrowed by the jangling of bells, the catching of trains and boats, the fevered conferences, the campaigns for the senate, the persual of the new systems of contract bidding?

In plain words, what about high blood pressure? What about hardening of the arteries? What about heart disease? Kidney disease? Bright's disease? Parkinson's disease? Gull's disease? Surely, surely, nature, the old nurse on whose bosom primitive man pillowed his almost shaggy head and hearkened to the lullaby of peaceful greenwood rustlings — surely her soothing influence was sufficient to stave off these afflictions of our own unhappy time.

We must be cruel to be kind. We must imagine a scene of long ago — before the boyhood of Moses, before the stress and strain of modern life began. The ancient city of Thebes lies sluggishly in the summer sun. The streets are almost empty, except that on the shady side an occasional pedestrian reluctantly ambles along. Far away beyond the city limits, a bullock cart can be seen lumbering along enveloped in a cloud of dust. It attracts the attention of two business men who are lying on their backs in one of the booths which line the busiest thoroughfare.

"There he comes again," says one, "letting his driver tear along at eight miles an hour."

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"Who?"

"Muley Hassan."

"Oh! going to the doctor, he is."

"S'pose so. Scared to death since he had that little stroke. It's the life he's led."

"How is *your* blood pressure?"

"Old Doc Imhotep has got it down ten points. He's got me on a diet."

"Trouble with you was eatin' in them Jewish restaurants all the time. Food too rich and greasy."

"Too much acid in my blood, I guess. How is yours?"

"Not much change. I been worried about business is the trouble."

"You're too damn fat."

"Well, that's what Doc Otep thinks is the reason, but I dunno. It's the kind of life we lead, I believe."

"Agree with you there. Too much push and hurry. Look at my grandfather. You never caught him worrying about his arteries hardening. And he lived to be seventy-one and then he had to be bit to death by a crocodile."

A gentle snore indicates that the last bit of clinical observation has fallen upon unheeding ears, and the other patient also composes himself to slumber. Thebes settles down to the drone of its daily activities.

This picture, while obviously fanciful, is still based upon solid historical data. Among the most astounding results of modern archæological research has been the discovery that the tissues of mummies 3000 years dead can be sectioned and put under the microscope where the details of structure and of cell arrangement can still be discerned. Sir Marc Armand Ruffer was among the first, if not the first, to make such examinations and to describe the diseases of the ancient Egyptians. One of the particular and striking features of the condition of these bodies is the prevalence of hardening of the arteries. Every type of degenerative disease which is now ascribed to our modern mode of life can be found, every form of arterial disease, many examples of calcification of the aorta. Our Egyptian predecessor unquestionably had Bright's disease, apoplexy, angina, heart trouble, diabetes — all the afflictions of presenescent middle age. And Dr. Ruffer coolly remarks that whatever was the cause of these unhappy circumstances, so far as Ancient Egypt is concerned, we can exclude tobacco, whisky, and syphilis. The Egyptians had wine but were apparently reasonably abstemious.

Not only in Egypt but in other regions where mummies are found these diseases are the regular accompaniments of advancing years. In a Peruvian mummy the thickening of the intima of the posterior tibial artery has been sectioned, stained, seen under the microscope, and described. It might be the artery of a modern.

The nature of the material which remains of European prehistoric man prevents us from forming any definite ideas on the subject of his degenerative diseases. Only skeletons are preserved. Hazarding a guess, however, it is likely that there was less high blood pressure in the Aurignacian era because fewer individuals lived to the age when it may be expected to develop. We know that since the time when careful mortality bills have been compiled the average death age has been constantly rising. In our day this represents largely a saving in infant mortality. But in the dawn-days of the race the hazards which beset a man who had arrived at the age where he could hunt the cave bear and the woolly mammoth must have prevented the hardening of his arteries in a more dramatic and effective fashion than suggested by the ingenuity of modern dietary specialists.

We have had pointed out to us with alarm the great increase in the number of deaths from heart disease in our time. In Massachusetts the percentage mortality from heart disease was .21 in 1925 as compared to .13 in 1910. A society has been formed for the prevention of heart disease. From some of the documents prepared by executive secretaries and from pronouncements in presidential addresses to such societies, as well as from the rhapsodies of the poets laureate of the insurance companies, one would gather that the decimation of the population from heart disease threatens to deprive us of the flower of our young business men at the height of their creative periods. It is comforting, therefore, to turn to the actual figures.

Observing the deaths from heart disease in the United States Registration area by age groups, we find that there is no noticeable difference between the number of deaths from heart disease at the age of 34 and those at the age of 14. Even at the age of 40 the numbers

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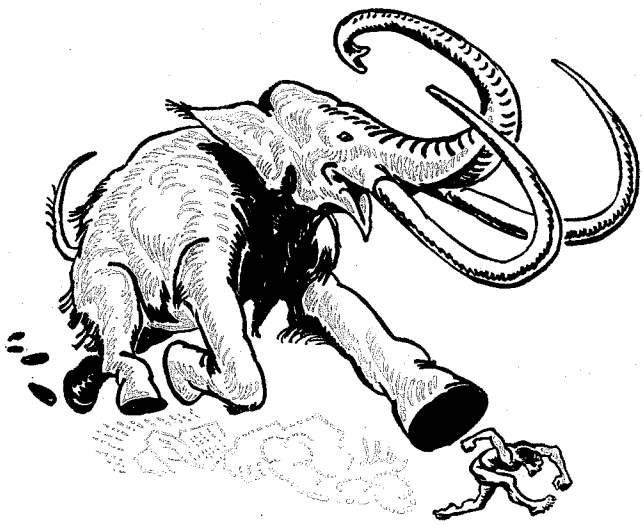
do not rise out of the first column. Not until he reaches the age between 65 and 80 does the young Alexander of our strenuous modern business era begin to feel acutely the menace of heart disease. It is for this that societies are founded and the guns of propaganda thud out their warnings under our leaden skies. Primitive man was not threatened as much with this danger because he did not live long enough to die of heart disease.

Cancer is the other degenerative disease generally considered to be on the increase in modern times. As with heart disease, it probably does not actually develop in greater profusion but, being a disease of the latter part of life, it appears in the mortality bills in greater numbers because nowadays people live long enough to enter the cancer zone more often. The peak of its destructiveness comes at a somewhat earlier age than does heart disease — the high point being from 60 to 65 years.

There are, it is true, few definite evidences of any form of malignant disease in ancient human remains. Not a single instance in bones older than those from Egypt. Paleo-pathologists profess to find this very strange, considering that many tumors occur in bones. Cancers originating in soft parts of the body also establish secondary deposits (metastases) in bones with great frequency, but these lesions are so destructive to the hard framework of the bones that one would not expect such bones to be mineralized or be otherwise preserved. But even in mummies, though they do occur, malignant growths are rare.

Such, in broad outline, is the record regarding the health of our free-born ancestor.

Although in physical prowess he was a sad specimen, his intellectual accomplishments were among the greatest glories of the race. Compared to those leaders of our own age whose reeling frontal hemispheres sent a placid generation lurching into the horrors of a world war, compared to the befuddled pronouncements with which our financial and political giants have fumbled with the incredible muddle which they have created for civilization during the past half decade, primitive man was a cool realist. It may have been in response to the law that necessity is the mother of invention, or it may have been from sheer intellectual superiority, but at any rate that pathetic head lifting itself presciently above the level of the brutes gave us the rudiments of everything that makes life worth living. It gave us fire, and the wheel, and metals, and writing, and pottery, and cookery, and distillery, the domestication of animals, the demonstration that plants grow from seeds; it gave us weaving, and coining, and fish hooks, and castor oil, and ethical commandments, and toys for children, and songs and drums, and quinine, and dancing, and bricks, and business credit. Nor was it gulled into any such nonsense as the equality of men, the superiority of women, the disinterestedness of kings, or the inconsequence of wine. If only we had improved as much over his mentality as we have over the physique of prehistoric man, we might begin to boast about progress.



The hazards which beset a man prevented the hardening of his arteries.

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If I Had A Daughter

by **MARY ROBERTS RINEHART**

I

I HAVE reared three grown sons; or rather my husband and I have reared three sons. Also we feel that we have reared them rather successfully. But we have never had a daughter.

I have always regretted that, although I am less regretful now than I was some years ago. Yet I have not been cut off from girls and young women by my daughterless state. What mother is when she has three sons! Also my profession keeps me in close contact with many young women. They come to see me, bringing their problems; or they write me long letters. They seem puzzled, the majority of them. Some, of course, are resolute and a trifle defiant.

One thing I know, and have known ever since the war. Their problems are not the ones I faced in my adolescence or young womanhood. For one thing, they know more; more than I did even after I had entered a hospital and had seen not only death but birth. And they have fewer illusions. I sometimes wonder if we have not done them a certain damage there, by removing too much of the glamour from their lives; by stressing sex as merely a normal physical function, and thus removing it entirely from the field of dreams; or even by forcing or permitting them to enter too young into a highly competitive world.

So they sometimes talk to me, these girls whose ages may range from seventeen to twenty-six, for those are the difficult years. For the time I am an escape without danger. Apparently they feel that the people at home, especially mothers, may be dangerous. They care too much; or they would not understand. The daughters may claim that they do not want to hurt their mothers, but actually it is something quite different, a carry-over from the little-girl days when the mother offered her love in exchange for good behavior.

The result of all this is that I acknowledge a certain relief that I have not a daughter of my own. Not because I share the common hysteria about this young generation, but because I realize how different from my own experience are the problems she would have to face.

To-day, if I had a daughter, I would have to recognize certain facts about her. One of the first would be that she has certain natural rights as an individual which I must not violate, and certain reserves which I must not probe. While the barrier between mother and daughter is less formal than it was thirty years ago, it still exists.

This barrier is much deeper than the usual one between maturity and youth. It is the barrier between the life experience of the one and the inexperience of the other; between the initiate and the uninitiate. It is painful, pitiable. What can they say, these mothers who feel that they have somehow lost their growing or grown daughters? What can they do?

II

I WOULD try to recognize my daughter as an individual. I would go further and try to realize that she is a woman at an age when I was still a child. Also that as a woman she will actively resent any attempt of mine to gain her confidence. She may give it, but probably not. Almost certainly not in matters of sex. She will resent that fiercely.

Now and then I find mothers who claim that their daughters have no secrets from them; that they "tell them everything." I do not believe it. I need only look back to my own girlhood, normal as it was, to know how far from the truth that is. I lived, as does every other girl, a strong secretive emotional inner life which my parents never even suspected. Innocent as it was, I would have died before I revealed it.

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But by recognizing my daughter as an individual, I must admit then her right of initiative. She has as much right to it as her brother, certainly. Even her lack of experience does not alter this right. It is experience she wants and will have, and this experience she must find very largely outside her home.

I might pause here to wonder if there is anything wrong with American homes to-day, that so many girls are intent on leaving them. They do leave, for schools and colleges, to work and earn, to develop careers or study professions. But probably it is merely this thirst for experience which underlies it; an intense curiosity about the life which lies just beyond the walls of home. I realize now that it was this which underlay my own resolve to do this very thing, when I was seventeen.

I must then give my daughter this right, not only to be an individual, but to act as one. If I fail to do this she will accuse me of tyranny, and the barrier between us will grow still higher. Tremble as I may, I must allow her to make her own experiments in living.

Of course, I cannot leave the father of my daughter out of the picture. If I am overly maternal he may have to counteract my indulgence, but in any event he has become a vital figure in my girl's life. She may even later on marry a man who has certain of his characteristics. She may go further, and sublimate the husband she has made into the father. But whatever she does, during a highly formative period of my daughter's life it will be her father who most influences her; a fact which too many men ignore or do not realize. She may use him for her own ends. She may go so far, as in some instances of which I know, as to separate the two of us. Or she may find in his broader experience a rock on which to set her feet, or a shelter in a weary land.

All of this, however, is merely preliminary. The relationship of my daughter to her home, to her father, and to me is merely the background for her relationship to her world when she enters it. And into that world she goes alone. My experience cannot profit her, for I must at once face the fact that the barrier between mother and grown or adolescent daughter is only a broken wall as compared with the difference between the world of my youth and hers.

This new world of youth is not so frightening, when we understand it. It wants primarily to be let alone by its elders. And it wants to make its own experiments in life, in its own way. If it differs in this from the world of my own girlhood, it is certain that it is better prepared to make those experiments, and usually willing to take the responsibility when they fail.

But differ it does. It seems a long time in more than years since, on missing a train from a suburban party and walking the ties of a railroad track for five miles in my evening slippers, I found my father standing in the hall, prepared to commit assault with intent to kill on my unfortunate young escort.

To-day I must be prepared to give my daughter a liberty I had never dreamed of. She is facing out toward life with a curiosity so intense that all her previous existence is only a background for it. She will have passed through the mother period and the father period, and now she has reached the time to be herself; to make a career or to find a lover. Or both.

But primarily she has reached the lover period. She is thrilled, expectant, and single-minded on that point. Romantic, too, although she conceals it. And it is perhaps this romantic craving of hers which most radically separates her from us now. It is incredible to her that this great adventure which lies ahead of her can ever settle down into the matter-of-factness of the domestic scene at home.

What can we know, we elderly people, about love? What does our experience mean to her, who is on the trail of high adventure? What can we tell her of any value, this mother who is putting on a little weight, this father whose hair is going, or gone? What could my people have told me, that would have mattered?

She must discover all this for herself. She may go out into this new world as a débutante, using her home as a sort of temporary lodging house; or she may go out into business. It makes no difference.

III

WHAT ABOUT this new world where youth sits in the saddle and an older generation sits at home and mourns? What is it? What does it believe, or not believe? Above all, what does it do?

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Here at once I must differentiate between offenses against custom, or even against good usage, and a type of action which may be dangerous. Too many mothers are laying undue emphasis on these smaller matters, and overlooking the differences between their daughters' ideas of life and their own.

We must give the younger generation credit for certain things: credit, for example, for a certain honesty and a facing of facts, economic and otherwise. We might even learn that it makes its compromises, when it does, with a certain unwillingness. Thus, it does not whole-heartedly accept sex experimentation. It does not so much scorn romantic love as resent the limitations placed on it, by the greatly deferred marriage age, for example. It is opposed to unreasonable restrictions of all sorts, the exact definition of "unreasonable" in this sense being still somewhat obscure to me. It is afraid of sentiment, resentful of hypocrisy, without most of the old-time illusions, and is apt to assert that it owes its first duty to itself.

This concentration on self is of course not new — it is the change in point of view which is radical. With a calmness almost terrifying, a part of the younger generation all over the world has shed some of the old morality and is studying the new, or even practicing it. They may accept it, or they may not; but in either instance they are likely to know thoroughly well what they are doing. My daughter will know, as I could not.

This "new morality" has nothing to do with creeds, although it may have its codes and its ethics. It consists very simply in regarding the old social structure as outworn, and developing a new one in which liberty of action is important largely for its effect on the actor. If it is not wrong to the individual, it is not wrong at all. There is no such word as sin, in the old sense. It may be wrong to steal, for that is an invasion of the rights of another individual. It may be equally wrong to cause unhappiness. But the major premise still obtains; the decision as to what is right and wrong lies with the individual and nowhere else.

This is the youth movement throughout all the world. It has nothing to do with the Flaming Youth movement which followed the World War. Indeed, it is only secondarily a sex movement at all; it is a movement toward freedom of the individual. And it cannot be dismissed with a gesture. Your daughter and my daughter are facing it, perhaps have joined it.

The fact is that if I am to understand my daughter's problem at all, I must not only know all about it, I must think about it. I may have to begin thinking all over again. And, being a mother, I am likely to do most of my thinking about her attitude toward love and sex, and that of her world.

Is it true, for instance, that young men no longer demand chastity in the young women they intend to marry? Is it true that the so-called cult of the virgin has disappeared? Is it possible that I must allow my daughter to make her experiments in sex before she marries, and merely stand by? Or suppose she marries and then makes these experiments?

Some time ago THE FORUM (August, 1931) published some excerpts from a Socratic Dialogue on marriage, at which I happened to be present. Like all such meetings, it was the by-discussion, not for the record, which proved to be most interesting.

Thus it developed that one or two of the younger women present, while not advocating the theory, were perfectly aware that among certain groups of young married women the belief was current that marriage, even happy marriage, became in time merely an extension of the individual's own personality. And that when that time was reached it was necessary to secure some sort of stimulation by a variety of extra-marital relationships.

Viewed in the light of cold reason, as my daughter might view it, stripped of those romantic intangibles and spiritual overtones which may have value for me but none for her, my daughter and I may have to face each other over this issue, and find that an entire world separates us. The world of youth, with a morality which she considers right for her, but which is a sin to me.

What can I do for her in that case? Use my parental authority? If it comes to that point, just what is this boasted parental authority of mine? Driven to despair, I may even lock her up. But then I am simply the tyrant and she my victim. I have not altered her thinking, or her course of action when she is once more free.

What else can I do? I can offer her the Ten

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Commandments, but without much hope, unless I offered them to her very early in life. Even then they may have no effect on her now. And I can try to understand her point of view, if she confronts me with it. It is unlikely, however, that we shall confront each other at all; or that she will attempt to justify her new opinions or her new actions if we do.

This matter she now regards as strictly her own business. She may carry it to an extreme, and maintain that she has the same right to make her experiments in living before marriage as has the man she will ultimately marry. Right or wrong, in either case that still remains her own business.

IV

I GRANT that these are extreme instances. Yet I know and the reader must know that a certain percentage of our young people are thinking along just such lines, and acting too. There will always remain the conservatives, even in youth; the men who will marry only chaste girls, the young women who hold themselves inviolate. And even the radicals in this movement are apt to differentiate between love and passion, and to look forward to marriage.

It is indeed on that very question of marriage that much of this new thinking is based, and as the mother of a daughter I must now try to look at marriage as she may see it. This condition of mine, which I have accepted happily for so many years, may be to her either an enlightened exception to the general rule, or a bonded servitude.

In either case, a certain number of young women are now surveying marriage with cool young eyes, appraising it, and often finding it wanting in its present form. I find that I am not capable of this detachment, and that it is hard to follow them here. The idea, briefly, seems to be that marriage has not been a fixed matter, but a slow development. It began with the arranged marriage, where the two proponents may not have met before. It developed into the love marriage, founded on romantic affection and ignorant of basic compatibility or sexual harmony. And it is now advancing once again, to where experimental marriage or pre-marital relationship will determine its future success or failure.

To say that love does not enter into all this would be an understatement. Love indeed is a paramount issue, either with or without marriage. Or rather, love is paramount and marriage merely secondary. It is clear that my daughter regards all marriage with suspicion until it is proved, and that we of the generation preceding hers have not proved it to her. Are we happy, she says, or are we merely resigned? A good many of us separate and remarry. What is that but experimentation? Then why all the bother? Why not find out first?

I may reply that a good marriage is built, not made; and that it requires time. She will consider that a dreary outlook, and she is in a hurry. She will be young only once, and she wants to be happy. Why wait until she is old to make her marriage? And she does not approve of indiscriminate relationships. On that she is extremely stern. She has no use for promiscuity. It savors of the gutter.

Actually, as I have said, she may accept this premarital experimentation or approve it only in theory. But she does neither wholeheartedly. What she is doing, I myself believe, is attempting to justify to herself a course of action imposed on her by her elders.

What does my daughter find, for instance, when as a woman she emerges into her world? She finds that the age of marriage for her and for the men she knows has been pushed back a number of years. Often the man is thirty before he can afford to marry at all. A number of things have contributed to this: increased costs of living and higher standards, the fetish of the college education which defers his earning until after he is well on in his twenties, and with that his greater caution as to marriage after he is twenty-five; the numbers who go into professions, with their slow financial returns; and perhaps the reluctance of parents to allow their daughters to face a future without assurance of security.

We cannot shirk our responsibility for much of this. To ignore that the urge of sex is strongest during these years when marriage is deferred is simply stupid. What are we to do? Restore the brothel, with its furtive dangers? Certainly not. Yet the problem of the man eventually becomes any daughter's problem. She too has the same urges. She may call what she does the new morality, she may justify herself in a dozen different ways. The last thing she will agree to if she "goes wrong,"

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as we unenlightened elders still call it, is that she is a victim of any sort; either of her own or another's physical needs, or of an economic system which reduces the age of consent and increases the age of marriage.

Nevertheless, I believe that this is largely true. Not entirely. Present-day marriage is apparently, like a certain brand of soap, the best thing for most people. No one can maintain that it answers for all. But when I say that I believe this new morality to be at least in part a defensive mechanism, I mean exactly that. It is a defense to itself of a hard-driven young world, to cover its actual needs. That it is extended also to cover its inclinations is less important, for in that case we elders are helpless. Our part in all this, however, extends far beyond this deferring of the age of marriage. After all, we elders are not responsible for economic upswings, although we are responsible for too much caution as to our daughter's future security or even luxury.

We are responsible for the present overemphasis on sex. Here I think we have made a double mistake. We have overeducated our children in such matters, so that what seems only healthy instruction to us may easily lead to curiosity and experimentation among the young. And we have also developed a cult of sex primarily designed for the adult mind, but constantly absorbed by the immature. Books, magazines, motion pictures, and theaters are feeding this mature material into avid young minds, and while I am no moralist, my daughter, if I have one, will certainly develop a sophistication and a false idea of the grown-up world which she has as yet no experience to offset.

V

At the same time we have prohibited drinking. Nothing could force me back to the old days of the saloon. But my daughter will at once encounter an angle of drinking which I never had to face; that is, that drinking is important. Not incidental, but important. She may not drink herself, but she will often be surrounded by drinkers.

I can lie in my bed at night and hear cars go roaring by, loaded with drinking children. They shout and sing, and my blood turns cold. Who is at the wheel? What will happen to them at the next turning? And, quite aside from their physical safety, just what about this juxtaposition of drink and car and lonely road?

Actually, I do not wonder. I know. And I know too that while I heartily approve of birth control for its legitimate purpose, which is to bring the wanted rather than the unwanted child, its wide exploitation has removed from these casual or serious affairs the check of fear.

In other words, my daughter must face a double problem; either by a conviction, which I have called the new morality, or by a number of outside forces working together, such as drink and opportunity, she will be confronted again and again with situations in which I cannot help her at all. To some of which I may, as a part of the adult world of votes and whatnot, actually contribute.

Along with all the other changes has come a new egotism, an insistence on the duty to oneself, and, to me at least, a deplorable lack of the sense of duty or responsibility to others. But egotism is one of the attributes of youth. So too is cynicism. Show me an elderly cynic and I will show you either a disappointed or an immature individual. So too is irreligion. So is iconoclasm. Youth tears down, and then in maturity sets to work to build again.

As to the answer, I do not know. There is some safety in facing the situation, and in understanding it. There is a greater safety in early training, in the healthy mixing of boys and girls in early life, so that the boy becomes the good companion rather than the object of secret curiosity or dreams. There is a great deal to be said for training; some of it may be thrown out, but some will certainly remain. And of course the home environment is still highly important; the permanent home, where about the girl may be built some sort of permanent social group.

It is my own experience that this last, the permanent social group which has grown up together, is a valuable asset later.

But in the last analysis, as between my daughter and myself, my only course is an attempt to understand her world, and then to wait until she comes back to me from it. I may tremble, but I must have patience. Big or little, she will make her own experiments in life. And it is quite probable that she will not come all the way back to me, as woman to woman, until she herself is a wife and a mother.

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TRAVEL NEWS

KALANIANAOLE HIGHWAY

THE NEW Kalanianaole Highway makes accessible to sight-seers the southeastern section of Oahu, the island on which Honolulu is located. This drive leads through rugged country built up of ancient lava flows and follows along a rocky coastline, where many old Hawaiian fishing villages are located. Superb marine vistas greet the motorist at every turn, and on clear days the islands of Molokai and Maui may be seen to the southeast. Because the section opened up by this new highway is near the extinct Koko crater, it is called Koko Head Park.

CEYLON AND INDIA

THE EIGHTY-FOUR-DAY cruise to Ceylon and India under the auspices of the American Express Company, in collaboration with the Cunard Line, should appeal to travelers anxious to forget about cold weather. The *Aquitania* will leave New York on March 5 and call at Gibralter, Algiers, and Nice. After two days in Nice, the touring party will go to Marseilles by bus and embark on the P & O liner *Mongolia* for Columbo, in Ceylon. Three days are to be allowed for sight-seeing in Columbo, Kandy, and Mount Lavinia. An express train will convey the party to Madras, thence to Calcutta, Darjeeling, Benares, Agra, Delhi, and Bombay. Stops of from two to three days will be made in each of these cities, and automobiles will be provided for visits to points of interest. The P & O liner *Strathaird* has been scheduled to make the return trip from Bombay to Marseilles and London. Passengers desiring to remain longer in Europe may disembark at either of these two ports and sail for home when they choose. Otherwise, they may complete the tour by sailing from Southampton on the *Mauretania*, which will arrive in New York on May 27.

SCANDINAVIA AND RUSSIA

AN IDEAL trip for summer is being offered by the Hamburg-American Line. On July 2, the *Reliance* will sail from New York bound for the Scandinavian countries and Russia. The first port of call will be Reykjavik, in Iceland. From there the cruise will proceed to North Cape and, sailing south around the Scandinavian peninsular, will make stops at many of the picturesque cities and towns in Norway and Sweden. Tallinn, Estonia; Leningrad, Russia; and Helsingfors, Finland, are also on the list of calling places. There will be a special trip made from Leningrad to Moscow, political center of the Soviet Union. Other interesting European cities to be visited on this tour are: Copenhagen, Boulogne, and Hamburg.

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These columns are open to brief letters commenting upon any article or subject that has appeared in The Forum. Because of space limitations, the Editor must reserve the right to publish letters only in part. Under no consideration will any letter be returned.

In Defense of Congress

To the Editor:

"A Message to Congress" (February FORUM) is, as its author — Mr. Plain Citizen — points out, likely to go unanswered by members of our national legislature. For the public good, however, the message should be answered. That I undertake to do, speaking as one plain citizen to another.

Baiting Congress has risen to the status of a national sport in this country, and never more so than in the present economic crisis. You say, Mr. Plain Citizen, that in the good old days Congress was "an assembly of very different caliber, actuated by different motives." You believe too much of what the historians tell you. It is a commonplace that "statesmen are dead politicians." From the Constitutional Convention down, Congress has always been, to contemporaries, a bickering, bargaining, badly bungled mess. Human nature is no different now than it was when Washington was driven to distraction by the dickering and dallying of the Continental Congress, or when Johnson was crucified by the blackguards of the Tragic Era. The heroes of history are not so heroic as they appear. Neither are to-day's Senators quite the imbeciles you make them out to be.

You criticize Congress because it has done nothing to relieve the depression. But it passed farm relief bills back in the days when you were still enthralled with the prospect of perpetual prosperity. Congress tried to lift you out of the depression ten years before you fell into it.

You are dissatisfied because 4500 "local bills" have been introduced into Congress when it should be considering great national issues exclusively. And who, Mr. Plain Citizen, caused them to be introduced? You did. You were at the Chamber of Commerce meeting when the city demanded a new post office; you were a member of the committee that drafted a resolution asking for a national park for your county; you signed the petition for a new bridge across the river. You let your congressman understand that if he didn't introduce these bills he would have to look elsewhere for his support in the next election.

If Congress doesn't suit you; if it is irresponsible and inefficient; if it is evasive and dilatory; if it wastes time on fence-building and flag waving; if it is unresponsive and unprogressive, it is, after all, your Congress. It can turn to you and your message and say, in solemn truth, "You made me what I am to-day — I hope you're satisfied."

And in a measure you should be satisfied. With all its faults and frailties, it is the department of our government that has given us our political reforms and our social advances. It has always been the most sympathetic to the aspirations of the people and the most solicitous for their welfare. It is now, as it always has been, the greatest legislative body of any republican government in the world.

J. R. WIGGINS

St. Paul, Minn.

Parachutes in Air Transport

"Death by Air Transport," in our February issue, created a storm of controversy among those interested in aviation. As the author, Lloyd S. Graham, predicted, transport officials were incensed, and one prominent line attempted to counteract the effect of the article not by answering its charges but by press statements which would tend to discredit Mr. Graham and THE FORUM. *In conversation with an official of this same line, we asked why transport lines should refuse to furnish parachutes when the Army insists on them. The reply was that Army planes have open cockpits which make escape easy: transport planes have only one exit and a large number of passengers, making the use of parachutes impractical. Then why not change the design of the planes, we asked, so that escape would be possible? The answer was merely a shrug of the shoulders and "You'll have to ask the plane designers about that." So we did. We wrote to several of the large manufacturers asking if there were any insurmountable physical obstacles to changing the design of planes so that there would be an emergency exit for every passenger. The following letter was received from the Bellanca Aircraft Corporation:*

Dear Sir:

There are physical obstacles to be overcome of a structural nature but there is no doubt that these can be surmounted if the use of parachutes is ever felt to be a necessity or is demanded by the transport

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Our Rostrum

operators or required by the government.

Some time ago a leading parachute company designed a special air transport passenger parachute which, in case of emergency, could be operated by the pilot. It was tested under all sorts of conditions and found to be practical. The main reason, as we see it, that they are not used is due to the fact that transport companies would be under the necessity of added expense and, of more importance, the fact that their passengers would be likely to be quite fearful of thinking about such an arrangement. Also, such a method brings to mind on the part of the passengers the thought that it may be used accidentally and they will suddenly find themselves dropped through the air.

Generally speaking, aircraft manufacturers are not averse to making changes and improvements. . . . We are certain that there is no refusal on the part of the manufacturers to build any such equipment.

We do not have any details concerning the attitude of the Department of Commerce, but we do know and feel that such an arrangement should not be necessary. First of all, structural failures of ships are very small and even, in fact, engine failures, so that under practically all conditions it is possible for the pilot to bring ships to land even in cases of emergency and in a way not harmful to the passengers or the ship. We feel that the better method is to fly ships in good weather conditions, over properly equipped airways with lights and emergency landing fields at proper distances so that the ships can always be brought into one of them without difficulty. . . .

This problem, like many others, we are sure can be satisfactorily settled, as mentioned before, either by popular demand, by request of the transport operators, or by regulations of the Department of Commerce, and surely is not insurmountable.

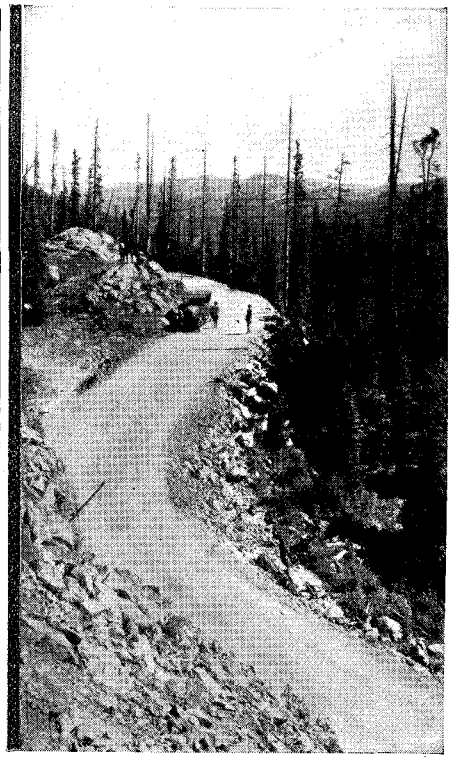
L. W. Ashton
Bellanca Aircraft Corporation
New Castle, Del.

How Safe Is a Parachute?

To the Editor:

In "Death by Air Transport" the author apparently assumes that every time one pulls a ripcord, he releases the mechanism that saves his life. He forgets to state that in a considerable number of cases parachutes have failed to open, even when manipulated by expert jumpers. And if experts fail, what would happen to the novice? Mr. Graham also fails to mention that with parachutes available the nervous or panicky passenger might take it upon himself to abandon the plane when something he thought dangerous occurred.

Statistics show that the airplane without parachutes is just as safe to-day, if



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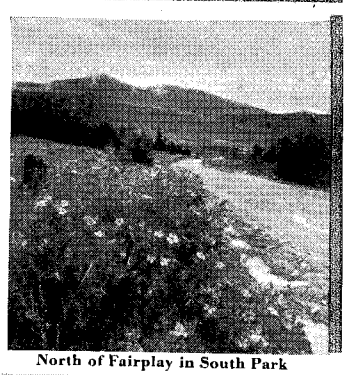

North of Fairplay in South Park

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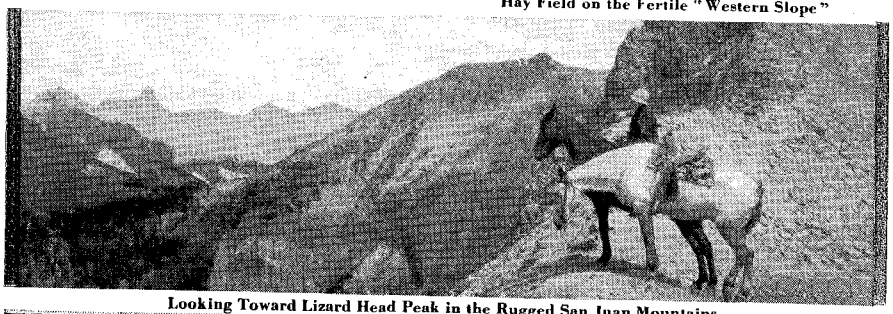

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PHILIP MITCHELL

Flushing, N. Y.

Sally Martyn's Facts

To the Editor:

We have taken THE FORUM for several years and mean to continue, but Sally Martyn's article, "Youth and Prohibition," in your February issue, certainly contains surprises. "Feminine chastity," she says, "doesn't mean anything to the average boy." Now that statement is simply the bad breath of a diseased mind. Everyone knows "feminine chastity" means nothing to *some* boys, but only a distorted mind could include "the average boy."

The same applies to Miss Martyn's statement: "I see from five to fifty drunks every night where, before the results of prohibition got to be an old story and became boring, one would have scared me to death." No such condition as that exists in any town, and the chances are that no one knows it better than the author of "Youth and Prohibition."

I also question that 27 per cent of the grammar and high school boys in the town where Miss Martyn lives "were found to have venereal disease."

WILLIAM GUILLAN

Delhi, N. Y.

Sally Martyn Is Right

To the Editor:

Undoubtedly Sally Martyn's paper will produce shouts of dismay from bigoted and blindfolded drys, who will claim that it is not true, not representative of American youth, that it exaggerates, and so on. Nevertheless, her youthful outburst — and I believe it is the first in which her generation has spoken so clearly and frankly on the Eighteenth Amendment — does not overstate the situation. Its publication is a credit to THE FORUM, whether or not the Anti-Saloon League likes it.

JOHN E. BROWN

Scranton, Pa.

Wet Against Wet

To the Editor:

I am a wet myself, but I cannot help feeling that Sally Martyn puts too big a blame on prohibition in "Youth and Prohibition." That prohibition has wrought more ill than good I believe; but the ill has been corruption and graft among traffickers of liquor rather than moral corruption among its consumers. That the Eighteenth Amendment is responsible for the lurid picture of a modern Sodom which Miss Martyn depicts is hard for a thinking person to believe. If there is an unusual amount of immorality to-day (which is debatable), the modern gospels of self-

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Our Rostrum

expression and the emancipation of women are to blame rather than alcohol or prohibition.

Miss Martyn blames the flask for the disastrous ending of petting parties in motors, but even she admits that the week-end parties in the beach cottages are "a very calm and unconcerned procedure." She says in one breath that youth sees "nothing wrong" in this behavior, for "it is their standard of conduct"; and yet, in the next, she claims youth is being "put on the block just to prove a theory" and is "driven to break the law to prove its defiance"!

CAROL M. LOOK

Far Hills, N. J.

The Decline of Rugged Individualism

To the Editor:

Willis J. Ballinger's "Big Business Begs for Socialism" (February FORUM) makes two points: first, that big business in eliminating competition may bring about state Socialism; second, that rugged individualism may be saved if modified.

His first conclusion is absurd, as anyone at all informed knows that government regulation is not analogous to Marxian Socialism, but is the antithesis of it. His second point is, if possible, still more absurd. Rugged individualism has developed to the stage where, to keep it alive, it would have to be so changed and emasculated that it would no longer be rugged individualism.

H. D. GARDNER

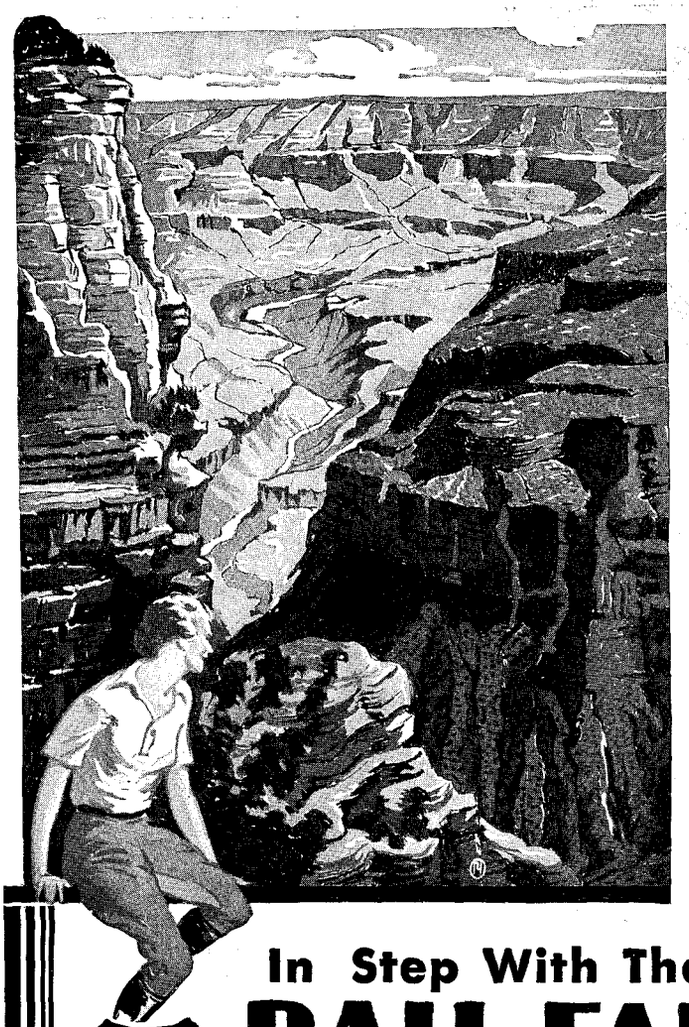
Pittsburgh, Pa.

To-morrow Is But Yesterday

To the Editor:

Nothing could be more stimulating than the reasoned buoyancy of Irwin Edman's "Salute to To-morrow" (January FORUM). It is plainly the work of a scholar and a man who moves in choice circles. But I fear that Dr. Edman has interpreted the attitude of the general public, and even its more select elements, with more generosity than validity.

It is difficult to perceive any revaluation going on about us. The cash nexus was never so popular, and people reflect on the grand era before the crash with nostalgic affection rather than criticism. The general desire is for shares to rise and the boom to return, not for a fundamental revision of society. The man who would discern a gaining strength in Socialism or Communism needs keen eyesight indeed. The strongest class in America is the bourgeoisie, and no important change can be made without its sanction. Its spokesmen in business and finance, its editorial writers in the press, and its elected representatives in government envision no broad, sweeping program of reform. The best they can suggest



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Our Rostrum

is to patch up the tariff, patch up the war debts, patch up unemployment, and elect the Democratic party to office.

The very men in the bread lines will have nothing to do with revolutionary ideas, and they tend to blame themselves for missed opportunities rather than to ascribe their plight to the economic system. Resentment undoubtedly exists, but it is taking a harmless outlet: the repudiation of the Republican party. The electorate is concentrating all its venom in the tremendous kick it intends to deal Mr. Hoover next November. That would appear to be the totality of its protest.

Nor is there much more fight in the young men whom Dr. Edman believes must modify their ambitions. Educated according to pre-1929 norms, their ideology remains firmly suburban-bourgeois. If they cannot look forward to two cars and a golf club, they will rest content with one car and play tennis. They have been reared during the fat years, and there is no philosophy in them. Neither is there much chance of their accepting a new heaven and a new earth, though the former things have passed away.

Such slight and probable things can bring back the vanished fleshpots. An intelligent development of Latin-American trade, a settlement of Asiatic troubles and the expansion of the vast market there — these things are not impossible.

Dr. Edman is too sanguine.

R. E. Riley

Leonia, N. J.

[Editor's Note: — *The Forum's prize of twenty dollars for the best Rostrum letter has been awarded to Mr. Riley.*]

Understanding the Negro

To the Editor:

Helene Magaret's "The Negro Fad" (January Forum) is the first article written by a white which shows a *real* understanding of the Negro's problem. I have read many sympathetic, honest, even instructive papers on phases of the Negro question, but no one heretofore has shown that insight into our affairs, no one has attained that purely objective point of view, which Miss Magaret here demonstrates. Some of my friends argue that a Negro wrote the article. Certainly I had expected no white American to analyze our situation with such perception within the next thirty years.

Ora E. Haines Wise

Cleveland, O.

Caesarean Sections

To the Editor:

I hardly believe that anyone is better qualified to answer Dr. Hitchcock's "In Defense of Caesareans" (January Forum) than a hospital interne, which I happen to be. On the obstetrical ward I have the

1832-1932

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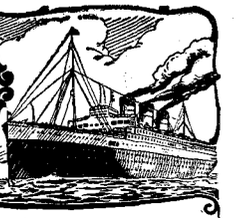

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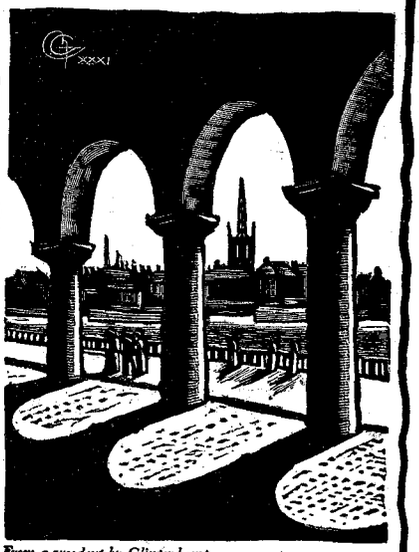

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Our Rostrum

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Caesareans as performed to-day by surgeons who have taken special training in this work would be welcomed by almost everyone in a larger number of cases than is true at the present time. But, sad to say, I don't believe the number of obstetricians qualified to do this work is very large. I have seen the operation performed too many times by regular obstetricians and general surgeons who failed entirely to produce the beautiful results noted by Dr. Hitchcock.

Furthermore, why perform the elective Caesarean when we have modern methods — including anæsthetics — which make the delivery of the infant by the natural way less painful than formerly? I sincerely agree with the Doctor that when there is anything the least bit abnormal in the case, a Caesarean should be performed much sooner and in more instances than it is at the present time. But for the normally pregnant woman, I think the good old-fashioned natural way *plus* various anæsthetics is still the most comfortable and the most satisfactory method of delivery.

L. WEBSTER SUNDQUIST, M.D.
Los Angeles, Calif.

The Buying Power of Money

To the Editor:

In the midst of all the confusion of economic plans, Walter A. Terpenning's article, "Stabilizing Values" (January FORUM), sounds a sane and practical note. His suggestion that "all contractual agreements involving the payment of money at some future date should contain the stipulation that the amount of money to be paid should be determined by the buying power of money at that future time as compared with that at the time the agreement was made" is the only sensible idea I have found among the plethora of panaceas which have been offered. For that reason, it will probably never be adopted by Congress. It will never be popular there because it doesn't suggest taking property from the competent and giving it to the incompetent. Because of the lack of this Robin Hood quality, it shines like a bartender's diamond in a dirty shirt front.

Those of us who are not certified public accountants may have some trouble under it in computing our incomes; but most of us, under the present system, have no incomes to compute and we might welcome a little trouble on that score. Personally I feel that the proposal would, if made into a national law, iron out the greater part of the hills and valleys which hitherto have been a feature of Mr. Babson's business charts.

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Our Rostrum

A Tribute to Miss Cather

To the Editor:

Last fall Granville Hicks wrote for THE FORUM (September, 1931) a review of Willa Cather's *Shadows on the Rock* which has rankled in my mind ever since. I realize that THE FORUM cannot publish only reviews which the Editor himself might have written; that you must select a critic and print his comments as the honest expression of his best judgment. The opposition minority has a right to be heard — I mean Mr. Hicks — and where more appropriately than in THE FORUM?

Mr. Hicks wants more stern stuff in the book, more rock and fewer mysterious shadows. He would like to scrape off the glamour and get down to the rough realities. But which are the realities, the rock or the shadows? To the social investigator the life of the corner druggist may seem confined, difficult, and even sordid; but for the druggist himself there may be in his life some more than recompensing, romantic color, completely real to him. It is not necessarily a "failure of the will," but sometimes assertion of the will, when an author avoids the objective treatment and attempts to take the character and his scene as the character himself may conceive of it. The apothecary of Quebec and his daughter, cherishing souvenirs of a more gay and artificial world than their own on Mountain Hill, belong to the shadows not to the rock, and they could scarcely be so clearly and delicately themselves if their world were not seen more through their eyes than through those of a hardy realist. We have our realists; we have also Miss Cather.

It was the Editor's copy of the book which I read first and I remember with what enthusiasm he recommended it. I remember also an address on American literature in which he named Miss Cather as one of the three first writers in America. We expect, frank, independent criticism of THE FORUM; but we think we can count on THE FORUM to let us read some of the best that is written in America, especially what is written by Miss Cather.

JAMES CREESE

Hoboken, N. J.

France — a Force for Peace

To the Editor:

Lothrop Stoddard delivered a subtle and powerful attack on France in "What France Really Wants" (December FORUM). "Nothing, these crucial days, is more disquieting than the attitude of France," he began. There followed the picture of a selfish and militaristic nation with which, for some reason, the better American magazines have been stuffed since 1919. Mr. Stoddard did it well. He damned France with faint praise. He conceded that she wants no military conquests, no annexations. She menaces nobody.

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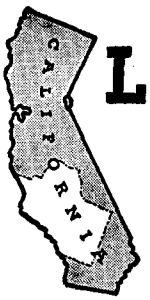

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Our Rostrum

Well, what is so disquieting about her?

She wants security, says Mr. Stoddard — but a very special sort of security. What France visualizes is "political and cultural primacy." I submit that the same applies to England, Germany, and the United States, and in equal degree. What is important is whether the French propose to use their army to stuff French civilization down other people's throats. The worst enemy of France could not say they do. The French army, supreme on the Continent, has been used once since 1919 — in the Ruhr. The French government that used it was promptly voted out of office by the French people.

France has been invaded twice within the memory of living men; and there is plenty of reason to believe she would be promptly invaded again if her army did not exist. When the British fleet ceases to be supreme, and American defense expenditure ceases to be the largest, there will be more room for us to criticize the French army, which is the Frenchman's only reliable defense for his home. Mr. Stoddard concluded with a note that was nothing short of sinister. He sees the "ultimate defeat" of France, "standard bearer of all the reactionary forces in the world," and her allies. A bloody business, surely. And he asks: "What are we going to do about it?"

He does not answer. Apparently, for the present, he wants us to think it over. I have thought it over, and have come to some conclusions. America and France want peace. They go about getting it in different ways. America indulges in peace pacts, disarmament, talk of internationalism. H. M. Tomlinson, writing in the same issue of THE FORUM which carries Mr. Stoddard's paper, gives us this fair sample of such talk: "The fervid resolution of increasing numbers of citizens that their governments should prepare for peace, and not for war, is a new mind in Europe." In what country, pray, have such citizens shown any influence? I know of none; instead, there is Hitler.

France knows better than to take such nonsense seriously. She knows that the realities in this world are still gold, trade balances, hates, tariffs, and guns — and she knows there is little she can do about it. The world is still like that. If America could face those same realities, and go after peace in the same way, she could become the world's greatest force for peace. Coöperating with her natural ally, France, she could almost guarantee it. Does Mr. Stoddard doubt that those are the realities? Then let him write an article proposing that America abolish her own tariff walls, or proposing an American fleet smaller than the Japanese. And let him try to get it published in our own United States.

HENRY MARCOMBES

Barcelona, Spain

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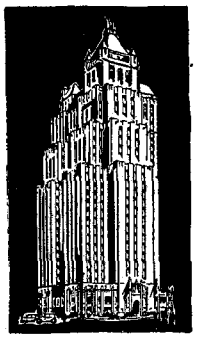

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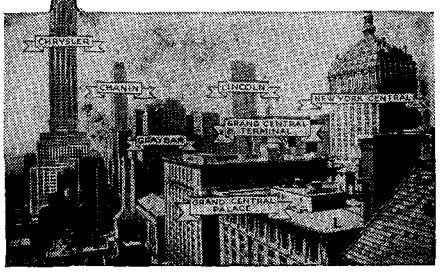

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The Destiny of Business

by **DONALD REA HANSON**

THROUGHOUT the first year or so of the depression the attitude of most individuals was that business was simply in the lap of the gods. Nothing that mere man could undertake, individually or collectively, could remedy matters. An air of fatalism existed. The tendency was to study the charts of business movements; compare the current performance with that of previous depressions; and to say: "Here the movement will probably stop." On this basis of performance the depression should have made its bottom about a year ago. But on the contrary as winter turned to spring, in 1931, more serious problems developed; as spring turned to summer the depression began to feed upon itself, creating new problems; and as the cold weather approached once more it became evident that business was not in the lap of the gods. Its destiny was to be shaped by human endeavor, and the net result of that collective effort would be favorable or otherwise to the extent that principles of common sense, courage, and energy were upheld. Sir Arthur Salter stated this succinctly in the last issue of *The Yale Review* when he observed that the whole financial crisis, however difficult, "is in its nature capable of human solution." That is more obvious to-day than it was then.

The destiny of business in this country and in the rest of the world is to be exactly what we make it. No more. Upon our statesmen rests the responsibility of grappling courageously with fundamental problems of balancing budgets, with a maximum of forbearance from dipping into the public pork barrel and with a complete scrapping of previously conceived notions of stopping the depression by the application of nostrums which only serve to increase the tax burden. Upon our bankers rests the responsibility of wise counsel in the shaping of a bank policy, and courageous action in the direction of a solution of the pressing credit problems. And upon business men rests the responsibility of dealing fearlessly with fundamental problems of costs, notably labor costs, in the course of the new adjustment to the new basis of prices.

CONSTRUCTIVE STEPS

UP TO JUNE, 1931, it could not be contended seriously that a single constructive step had been taken toward remedying the basic causes of the world

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In the 1820's a line of semaphores ran from Sandy Hook to the cupola of the Merchants Exchange on Wall Street and, on the sighting of a ship, word was signalled from station to station with a speed which was a marvel of the age. ¶ Often on such occasions John B. Coles, a prosperous flour merchant, would hurry to the roof of his store at No. 1 South Street and calling, "Boy, give over the spy glass!" would scan the harbor to determine for himself whether a ship reported at the Exchange was actually coming up. ¶ Mr. Coles, a tireless worker in philanthropic organizations and active in many business enterprises, was a Director of the Bank of New York for thirty-two years.

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SEE HOW EASY IT IS. How to act as your own insurance agent and save money by dealing directly with the company. Description of special full life policy. Folder upon request. Postal Life Insurance Co., 511 Fifth Ave., New York City.

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wide industrial depression. President Hoover's initiative in proposing a one year moratorium on reparations and inter-allied war debts was the first constructive move in the cycle of deflation. England's rigorous method of balancing her budget by slashing wages of all government employees, by applying a terrific increase in taxes, and by refusing any longer to throw money into the bottomless pit in the fruitless effort to stabilize the pound sterling was the second constructive step. The leadership of the United States Steel Corporation in the movement to reduce wages in this country was the third step, which has led to a general downward revision in all major industries. But not until Congress convened in December was there any tangible evidence that it appreciated the gravity of the situation and the absolute necessity of public economy.

Whether you are for cancellation of the international war debts, or against it, the fact remains that this question is the most disturbing situation in the business picture. Unless it is disposed of satisfactorily now it will rise to plague us later. Ten years ago, exactly the same question faced American business. The consensus of opinion then was that if America would lend Europe the necessary capital to reconstruct her business after the war, European industry would become prosperous, and the payment of war debts would take care of itself. We loaned abroad, in consequence, about seventeen billions. Then, when the market for foreign bonds was glutted in this country, it was discovered that the beautiful picture of world prosperity was all false. We had been simply lifting ourselves by the bootstraps. Our loans were used to buy American goods, perhaps, but in effect the money we loaned was used to settle reparations and war debts, which largely gravitated back to us. We were back again where we were in 1921, with the additional problem of wondering how we were going to collect the billions of private debts.

This, then, was the outstanding issue that confronted the United States Congress in December. The first action taken was to confirm the Hoover moratorium of one year, but with an accompanying resolution declaring opposition to any further cancellation or revision of the debts owing the United States. Despite the finality of tone of this resolution, the common impression is that it is not the last word. We may argue that business can recover without Europe, but can a lasting recovery of prosperity materialize with Europe under a crushing burden of taxation to meet war obligations? Can America prosper with her best customers economically prostrate? We may argue, with ample moral and legal justification, that these debts must be paid and that the Liberty bonds were sold to our people with the assurance that the foreign debts would be paid. But is it logical to insist upon the collection of $2 of debt when such demands force a depression which prevents us from earning $100 per capita, and which might yield more than $4 per capita in additional income tax?

THE POLITICAL ISSUE

CLEARLY THEN an issue is arising. Opinion is divided, as opinion has always been divided upon any great economic or social issue from slavery down through free silver, prohibition, and the tariff. Now, when a clear cut issue presents itself in an election year, the usual thing in this country is for the public to register its sentiment at the polls, particularly when it is an issue that touches every individual in the country in one form or another. Which party will sponsor the issue of international debt cancellation remains to be seen. President Hoover has definitely declared that he is against cancellation, but prominent members of his cabinet have pointed out the advantages of a revision of the war debts, and cancellation and revision may be considered substantially as one. Revision along sensible economic lines, with a view to the capacity of debtor nations to pay on the basis of the present enormously deflated price level, would probably have almost as much constructive effect upon business sentiment as would complete cancellation. To allow Europe to repudiate is to shake confidence further in international credit, and it is essential that Europe shall not be driven to repudiation.

Under the circumstances, the fall elections of 1932 are likely to have a definite bearing upon business for the first time since 1896. To be sure, every election this century has had its economic issue, but beside the present question they all diminish into insignificance. It will be recalled that when Bryan, with magnificent eloquence, was sweeping this country toward bimetalism in 1896, business stood still. But the defeat of Bryan was the signal for a revival of business activity and a prosperity that endured for more than a decade. Applying the possible analogy, to assume that the elections may prove a definite signal for a revival of business activity this year seems well within reason.

Our major problems are within the scope of human solution. Competent administration of the major problems of the depression will unlock the gate to a future prosperity, without doubt, and it may be, as the Hoover "Committee on Economic Changes in the United States" reported in 1929, that "we seem only to have touched the fringe of our potentialities."

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